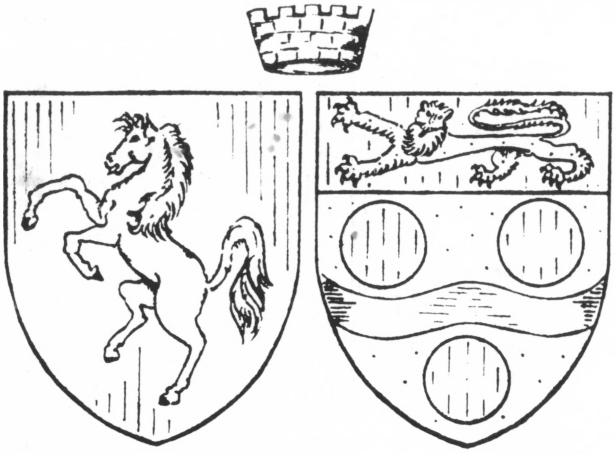
Maidstone School for Girls

1977



From the Headmistress

The year 1976—1977 saw the third year of transfer at 13+ and the expansion of the School into another six form of entry. Thus this will be the first year that candidates, who have entered the School under the re-organized scheme, will be entered for Ordinary Level examinations of the General Certificate of Education. The general trend will be towards increased numbers in the Sixth Form and eventual total roll of about 730 pupils.

It is early yet to try to evaluate the changed system of Secondary Education in this area, but it would seem that this School has made good use of the challenge of change. The curriculum is wide and flexible, the pastoral atmosphere is caring, and the standards of the whole School are pleasing both to the pupils and staff, and to any visitors.

Various extra facilities in the School are provided from the School Fund. This Fund is contributed to by the Education Committee, by pupils, and by fund-raising within the School. The contribution of the pupils is ten pence, a third of the term's subscription. Another third is used for School pocket-money fund which is administered by School Council, and the last portion is used to buy extra books for the School Library. The major fund-raising event that we have is the School Fete, organised by the girls during the latter half of the Summer term. In 1976 an eminent local person of American birth, Lady Moore, opened the Fete, and various items took up a theme of American associations as part of the Bi-Centenary celebrations. It is important that a school has a fund such as this to call on to provide additional facilities, such as stage equipment, mini-bus maintenance, and games refreshments.

E. G. Blackburn

Magazine Editors: *Penelope Lant, Pamela Nicholls, Susan Charman, T. Bailess.*

Thanks are due to all those who made a contribution to the writing of the magazine, whether or not their article appears in the final edition, but especially to:

Mrs. Cook for organizing the Art work.

Mrs. Howard for supervision of the typing.

The cover illustration is by *Linda Galvin,* 5Z.

We would also like to acknowledge, with thanks, a cheque donated by Barclays Bank towards the cost of the magazine.

Staff News

This year the school has benefitted from the energies of a number of young, new staff. *Miss Friend* joined us in the Autumn to teach German. Since *Mrs De Bene* resigned at Christmas, in order to prepare for her baby, (although she still does a little part-time teaching with us), the Language Department has been augmented by *Miss Fransham* who qualified in Scotland. The assistants this year are *Fraulein Komarek* from Hall near Innsbruck and *Mademoiselle Lacombe* from Belves, near Bordeaux.

Miss Goldstein arrived in September to teach History. She is from Manchester and did her degree at Liverpool University.

We have three new part-timers. *Mrs. Brown* taught here between 1965 and 1966 and has now returned to teach Chemistry and Mathematics. *Mrs. Boulton* is also teaching Mathematics and *Mrs. Swann* is teaching Home Economics.

At Christmas both the P.E. staff left. *Mrs. Smiley,* who while head of P.E. introduced the fifth and sixth form option systems and under whose tutelage the netball team has done so well, left to take up the post of Head of Girls' P.E. at Aylesford School. *Mrs. Worsfold* is having a baby. They have been replaced by *Mrs. Fairbrass* from Chatham Grammar School, and *Miss Wood,* who trained at Stockwell.

Mrs. Wilding who formerly taught French here and returned recently to help us out during staff illness has had another baby girl. Older girls may remember *Mrs. Harding* who taught R.E. and is now in Germany where her husband is working. She had a baby boy in January.

C. Allison

Mrs. A. Chapman (née Thomas)

Miss Amy Thomas, Headmistress of The Maidstone Technical School for Girls from 1940 until 1965, died on November 27th 1976 at the age of 73.

She had a distinguished career in the teaching profession in Kent for many years. A woman of vision and outstanding intellect, she helped pioneer the then new Technical Education which first developed in Kent at Chatham, Bexley and Maidstone.

Her specialist subject was French and her great love of France, its language, people and their customs along with French cuisine was very evident to all who knew her. Miss Thomas's inspired method of teaching her subject became recognised as standard method in many other schools; she felt strongly that a language could only be mastered by the practice of the spoken word and by meeting and being with the people of the country. To this end she made contact with the Technical Institute in Rouen and so began the regular exchanges between the Maidstone and Rouen girls which have continued over many years. She personally made firm friendships from her many French encounters and her work in this area of Education was much appreciated in France; she was awarded "Les Palmes Académiques de la Légion d'Honnaire" by the Mayor of Rouen.

To her pupils and staff she was undoubtedly a woman of presence who led them towards numerous ideals of personal achievement. Service to others she encouraged constantly and whilst we in Education are still talking of Community Schools she ensured that her school and its pupils were involved in the life of the local Community.

She expected high personal standards of integrity and achievement both from her staff and pupils alike. Her own commitment to the school and the role of Head was total; time was of no consequence and she frequently drove herself too hard. Pupil involvement was recognised as important from the school's inception and for many years, until the school's size increased considerably, every pupil was encouraged to play her role in the life of the school. Functions were planned and carried out in a style and grandeur of

sometimes daunting proportions; the carrying of chairs up the Sittingbourne Road for an annual Garden Party Tea, along with numerous other essential items including food, must have raised many an amused eyebrow from passers-by as columns of busy 'ants' streamed up to St. Faith's (now the Teacher's Centre and then part of the school premises). Practical difficulties involved in any such exercises were dismissed as quite trivial and one 'rose to the occasion' as had been the intention!

The pupils on the pre-nursing course gained much from Miss Thomas's personal enthusiasm for the nursing profession and its role of service.

She was a member of the Committee for Nursing Education at Mile End Hospital in London and many girls began their nursing career in that hospital and other London and local hospitals due to her personal encouragement and interest.

Examinations Miss Thomas tolerated as a necessary encumbrance of modern life; she felt very much that education should be an exciting and enlightening period and that the strictures of the examination syllabus interfered with this.

School visits near and far were a regular feature of her approach and not many weeks elapsed without a coach, or coaches in convoy, leaving on yet another educational adventure – alas more difficult now in these costly times.

The present main school building owes much to her foresight and persistence. Dining Halls were already one of her major cuts recommended by the Ministry of Education the Main Hall being suggested as a suitable and more economical use of space.

For the Maidstone Technical High School for Girls this simply would not do – "How can one instil standards when the very building limits the quality of life within it?"

The school enjoys a separate dining hall!

During her latter years in the school Miss Thomas had some long periods of illness from which she returned each time with renewed enthusiasm and a determination not to be beaten. She had a wry sense of humour and warm personality which was much appreciated by those who knew her well; she had a sensitive awareness of one's personal needs in times of stress.

Shortly after the present main school building was completed she decided the time had come for retirement. The school roll was growing considerably and she found herself almost totally immersed in administration, a far cry from her personal views of headship where she knew almost every pupil personally by name. She sensed a new era about to begin; Education was changing quickly and it was time to hand over the reins.

Few pupils can look back other than with appreciation and, one imagines, with affection for the woman who guided their Education so ably and with such dedication. Certainly the school's success was mirrored in the pupils who were welcomed into a wide variety of employment situations.

After a life's work of which she could be justly proud, Miss Thomas retired, characteristically having given no thought to where she would live; until then she had lived in the flat at St. Faith's building. For a time she returned to part-time French teaching in Bexley Heath.

A very old friend and retired inspector, Dr. F. Chapman invited her to be his wife; they married and spent their remaining years very happily in Folkestone, where she already had friends and where she made many more.

In Folkestone she led a very full and busy life, entering with her usual enthusiasm into local life. She inspired many teachers over the years; I certainly have found my own teaching experiences and goals the richer for her influence.

Mrs. S. Hughes
Head of Home Economics 1960–1972

J. R. Hands

There can be few people who would feel tempted, after a full life's work, much of it as County Inspector for the Gravesend area and Modern Languages Adviser for Kent, to return to the classroom. And yet that was precisely what Mr. Hands did do, first as temporary Head of Modern Languages at Astor of Hever School, and then with us from September 1974 until his second retirement in July 1976. His versatility was such that he was able to initiate the teaching of Spanish in the Sixth Form and also take German and French classes in the main school. He brought with him a wealth of experience and knowledge of the various European countries, which he was always very happy to share with us all, staff and pupils alike.

It was very sad to learn that Mr. Hands was taken ill so soon after leaving us and did not live long enough to enjoy his retirement and the musical activities that would no doubt have played a large part in it.

We should like to extend to his wife and daughters our sincerest sympathy.

M. Pillar

Mr. Barham

June 1976 saw the retirement after many years of service of Mr. Barham, school caretaker at Albion Place sixth form centre.

Mr. Barham joined the school after his military service in World War II, as a disabled person: he worked his way up from assistant to chief caretaker at the Albion Place school. His work was distinguished by his continually cheerful and determined approach to his duties; members of staff and girls who knew him will long remember his willing helpfulness.

He was joined by his wife at a special service at a main school assembly, when the school as a whole said farewell to a valued servant of the community.

R. Dick

This Way and That

Backwards:
On March 16th Albion Place was invaded by one hundred and fifty sixth-formers for the High Schools' Annual Christian Education Movement Conference. While Sixth-Form Colleges were being discussed at the Park, "Law and Order" was the theme at A.P. It was an exhilarating day, highlighted by the "debate" between the Grammar Schools, reminiscent of the Church v State controversies of the sixteenth century . . . and

Forwards:
This year the Boys' Grammar School are the hosts . . . and the theme "Death" . . . to be explored via a variety of "ologies" . . . and

Backwards:
As usual we held a party for children known to the N.S.P.C.C. The tea and presents once more delighted the guests as did the mini-bus ride and mass of bursting balloons.

July 14th was Fete day – when the Anglo-American theme was introduced by Lady Moore. Cowboys, more than Indians, appeared on the campus; but the fancy-dress par excellence was worn by Mrs. Gay. It was a good afternoon but we wonder whether the time has come for something different? Said Belich, now teaching mathematics in Agadir was at the Fete. He wanted to celebrate the completion of his first year of teaching by visiting his sponsors. It was good to see him again and to know that the efforts of the past twelve years have reached fruition.

Forwards:
We are now supporting Sylvia of Vienna. Although only ten years old, Sylvia's beautifully written letters show well for her future success – and we look forward to meeting her, when she is a little older.

Ideas are needed for new Efforts and Enterprises and perception to see what help we can give to the local community. Individual efforts continue and many sixth-formers do useful work in hospitals and schools every week – but collectively . . .?

P. Bailey

Mrs. Blackburn and the School Councils. Diane Wood, Mary-Anne McIntrye, Jill Fairhead, Ursula Thomas, Christobel Soares, Sandra Webster, Susan Rickard, Josan Moss, Carolyn Allcorn.

School Council Reports 1976-1977

We have been school council officers since May '76 and we will remain in office until March of this year when we will relinquish our positions to the newly elected officers. I think that we all felt very pleased to be elected as officers and we expected to be involved with many different sorts of school matters. However, in some ways we have been disappointed; we found on several occasions that we were working as a small confined group having little communication with, or co-operation from, the school.

Over the year we have played a considerable part in the organization of the school fete and we have also been involved on the introduction of the "Webb – Ivory" scheme which has been of considerable benefit to the school. The fifth years requested that they should be able to make coffee during break times and also that they should have a radio programme broadcast during the lunch hour; both of these requests were however turned down. At Christmas time, on behalf of the school, we sent £20 to three charities; "Cancer Relief", "Help the Aged" and Crippling diseases.

We would like to have been more involved in school matters, although we enjoyed doing what we did. A school council is formed to deal with complaints direct from the school but we feel that if the council is to be of any use it must have more co-operation and interest taken in it by the whole school.

Cristobel Soares
and the Council Committee

6th Form Council

When we began our year of office on April 30th 1976, we were all determined to try and make the 6th Form Council an active part of life at Albion Place; an ambition that every council inevitably has! The committee all agreed that the change from Park to Albion Place was too drastic; in three months one became an individual, apparently little connected with school activities due to the independence of individual timetables. We felt that this accounted for the general lack of enthusiasm and the strained atmosphere between first and second year sixth. We hoped to alter this and make the council more than a complaints department.

After the summer holidays we worked together as a team and organized a sale of soup, a "Good-as-new" sale and a raffle. Everyone noticed us then as we were always after money! Actually the soup and the raffle were very successful, especially when we repeated the soup sale in the cold weather when the Lower Sixth were without a common room. The "Good-as-new" sale was not so popular and most of the goods have since been taken to Oxfam.

I have mentioned the Lower Sixth common room and this was a problem presented to the council to solve. In order to do this we had a council meeting which was attended by all of the 6th Form. Although I needed a table to hide my knocking knees all the committee thought it was successful; it solved our immediate problem and we agreed that this should take place at least once every half term to let those who do not read the minutes know what we are doing.

We continued with regular meetings and sales up until Christmas when the council got into full swing and entered whole-heartedly into the festive activities. With money raised from a raffle we bought decorations and spent one Monday morning decorating Albion Place. We found that balloons were the most effective way of decorating the awkwardly shaped building and having purchased 200 of them we organised mass "blowing-up" sessions among the Upper Sixth. We also ordered a Christmas Tree which was placed in the entrance hall along with a splendid post box made by Karen Bennett and Deborah Ford in which we posted our cards for delivery nearer the end of term.

Although absorbed in Christmas festivities we did not forget the seasonal message of goodwill and on the Wednesday evening before the end of term a number of us went carol singing. We tried the Mote Park area and then the public houses of Maidstone after gaining legal permission and asking the land lords before invading. Some did not want their glasses shattered by our noise, others welcomed us and joined in with the carols. We had an enjoyable evening and raised £16 for the "War on Want" appeal.

After our charity effort we returned to self-indulgence and on December 20th our carefully arranged 6th form disco took place. I really enjoyed it! No seriously I was not the only one, despite the lack of alcohol everyone enjoyed it and we have since received many requests for another. Here is another chance to thank the members of staff, the parents, the DJ, the boyfriends and the caretaker, Mr Toy, who helped us tremendously and without whom success would not have been guaranteed. From this event we raised £60 for our school, £10 for charity and restored confidence in the success of school discos.

These are a few of the activities we have organized. I do not include the traditional participation in school fetes, assemblies and other activities.

I know I speak for all the 6th form committee when I say that we are enjoying our year in office and hope that the rest of the 6th form feel that our activities are worthwhile. I would like to thank the other members of the committee, for their friendly, enthusiastic and team-like response to their appointed offices.

Jill Fairhead
(Chairman)

Some Events

A Biology Visit to London Zoo

The idea was met with much amusement and speculation by a lot of us. A day out at the zoo would be fun, but if we had any fancy ideas of feeding the monkeys and watching the elephants being bathed we could forget it, for this visit was to be purely educational.

We started out from school at eight o'clock and arrived just in time for our first lecture, which was to be on fish. This was more interesting than anticipated and was accompanied by many colourful slides. From the lecture room we went into the aquarium to look at some of the fish there and to answer a questionnaire provided by the zoo. The Aquarium was divided into three halls: the Freshwater Hall, the Sea water Hall and the Tropical Hall.

After this we were allowed to explore the zoo on our own and eat our packed lunch. It was during this time that most of us took the opportunity to go and see Salome, the baby gorrilla, who had only recently been born. After rough treatment by her mother she had been put in a separate cage. Salome was treated just like a baby, wearing a nappy and having a cage strewn with baby toys but then she acted like a baby, as all the time we were there she lay asleep with her thumb in her mouth! The less squeamish among us chose to visit the Reptile House whilst others visited the much loved and world renowned pandas.

In the afternoon we had another lecture; this was about mammals and was followed by a tour of the Gibbon Enclosure (no, we weren't dropped off here!) the new lion terraces and other parts of the zoo where mammals could be seen.

We returned to the coaches exhausted but well contented after a very enjoyable day.

Pauline Campbell, 5A

The Staff Pantomime

This was a new venture: we had talked idly in the staff-room about doing some kind of show but would probably never have got around to it if Miss Robson hadn't forced our hands by writing the script and telling some of us firmly what parts we were to play. Mrs Cook chose her own part; we had to agree that she was perfectly cast as she tripped across the stage in her flimsy yellow outfit chanting Miss Robson's terrible fairy jingles. Mr Dick and Mrs Waters made a splendidly regal couple – I loved their opening lines! "My husband and I . . ." "Oh, shut up Mildred".

The seductive ladies at the ball dressed up in an amazing range of costumes, from Mrs Spacek's saucy twenties gear to Mrs Hutchins and Miss Friend, who were elegantly medieval. Inevitably the ugly sisters stole the show: we choked with laughter in the wings as Mr White emerged from the dressing room flaunting his monstrous bosom and dangling cigarette. Mr Batten's shapely legs obviously appealed to the audience. I've never heard the school roar so loudly as they did that afternoon. They were certainly a most encouraging audience; even sedate sixth formers abandoned themselves to audience participation. Mrs Blackburn received a great ovation in her stylish pageboy's outfit, while Mr White revelled in the rare opportunity to push her around and call her his vassal.

Cinders and Prince Charming earned the admiration of us all for their courage in actually singing, even though they couldn't follow the piano which was too far in the wings. Mrs Beasley wore her own wedding dress and looked suitably transformed from her scruffy self in scene one. Buttons gave her excellent support.

The PE staff caused quite a stir with their athletic performance: Mrs Worsfold's first entry, as Dick Whittington, leaping on stage as she cried "Ho!" was particularly well-received. Mrs Smiley acted the part of the cat.

My class had unkindly suggested that I was probably going to play the pumpkin. In fact I enjoyed being a villain in my devil's outfit, although my fangs did fall off. My classes greeted me with hisses for some days afterwards of course. Mr Bailess callously neglected to come to my aid at the end but I had one supporter, Mrs Vincett's small son, who was heard to ask anxiously what they were doing to that man.

Mr Drennan took part too, supplying flashing red lights at sinister moments. Even during the interval the audience was entertained by Mrs Gay giving away examination secrets. Afterwards the staff agreed that it had all gone well and that the school had been an exuberant and appreciative audience.

Baron Draconia

Third Year Visit to Barry Island

EVENING ACTIVITIES

Every evening, after the day's activities, doing one hour's homework in the buffet, and tea at 6.00 pm, each person was free to do as she pleased. There was a very good, varied list of choices. If you were interested in competitive games you could challenge your friends at snooker or table tennis, providing there was a table free. Other activities were swimming in a heated pool, a trampoline, and also a netball team was set up for a championship at the end of the week.

One of the funniest events during the week was the 'It's a knockout' competition which I myself took part in. Each school at the camp entered a team of about ten people to play the games.

One night a group of teachers took anybody who wanted to go, over to the fairground opposite. It was cheap compared with most fairs these days and the ghost train was really frightening. In the coffee bar was a television for each channel so that there would be no arguing about what channel to watch.

Every evening there was a feature film being shown in the cinema, which was really a theatre where the final variety show took place. People from the camp who had a talent of any sort or just wanted to have some fun went on stage and performed in front of hundreds of school children. This was, I think, the climax of the week. There was no prize for the best act, but it was well worth it to enter, especially when you had an army man waiting back stage to give you a kiss of congratulations.

The most popular of all the activities was, of course, the "Mardi Gras" disco. All the latest pop records were played, fast and slow, and most of the girls who met boys during the week met them at the disco. There was a fairly good disc jockey there who would shout out requests for you if it was somebody's birthday or something similar. We had two records dedicated to Mr Batten when we dragged him into the disco; he only stayed for about ten minutes, I expect to keep us quiet.

There was a great variety of things to do, in fact so many that one week was not time enough to do them all.

Rebecca Stewart, 4 alpha

The Brecon Beacons – A Day to Remember

The day was perfect for walking, it was fresh with a slight breeze. The journey to the Brecon Beacons was enjoyable and interesting with a stop in a nearby town; we passed the graveyard of the people killed in the Aberfan disaster.

The start of the walk was tedious and cold but soon we all started enjoying ourselves. The scenery was beautiful, with forests, lakes and mountains scattered about.

We soon established our places. There were little brooks, cold and clear, from which we thankfully drank. Some of the views were quite breathtaking, and these we viewed while eating our lunch.

We slipped and tripped down paths surrounded by sheer cliffs with trees hanging precariously. Soon we all began to stagger and were glad when the end of our ten mile treck was in sight. The trip home on the coach was the quietest yet. Everyone was asleep and exhausted but I'm sure we'd all do it again happily, as it was a lovely day.

Rosemary Matthews, 4 alpha

Chamber Concert

This was our fourth annual Chamber Concert, held in November, which again proved to be a success. Everybody who took part did very well and the audience appreciated the high standard maintained. The programme included the Madrigal Choir singing three songs, 'How Merrily We Live', 'Though Philomela Lost Her Love', and 'O Taste and See'. Ursula Thomas played a "Sonata in A" by Scarlatti on the harpsicord and Deana Gibbs gave a good performance on her cello, playing "Sonata in G minor" by Eccles and "Tarantella" by Squire.

June Dutton and Jennifer Gosby chose a sonata for flute and oboe by Teleman, with Lucia Skidmore playing the continuo on the cello and Mr. Batten on the harpsicord. Jane Freed chose two delightful songs to sing and Susan Dowle performed Neilson's "Romance for oboe".

It was the first time that a piano duet was performed in our Chamber Concert. Susan Mason and Ann Ware played very well, providing a contrast to the other more serious music. We provided solos by three woodwind instruments, oboe, flute and the clarinet, which was played by Carla White in her first solo performance.

Jennifer Gosby's second performance was an oboe solo where she played "Sonata in C" by Besozzi with Jeanette Bramley playing the cello continuo part. Georgina Hayter played twice during the concert, with "Andante in C" by Mozart and "Pavanne" by Fauré, and on the piano where she gave an excellent rendering of the piano concerto in A minor with Mr. Batten playing the orchestral accompaniment on another piano.

All the tickets were sold and the hall was very full. It was a marvellous evening's entertainment.

Sally Bowen, 6_1

'Agamemnon'

Three years ago, the sixth form presented a dance drama "Orpheus" which was performed not only at school but also at the Marlowe Theatre in Canterbury. Its success incited Mrs. Whittaker into producing another of its kind in "Agamemnon," the Greek legend concerning the King of Mycenae.

Practices began for this in 1975 but suffered setbacks through exams and the eventual reshuffle of cast caused by the barrier of the main school's bashfulness in mixing with the abandoned sixth form. Thus, September 1976 brought the resumption of rehearsals with a practically new cast, consisting entirely of sixth year, with the aim to its performance in December.

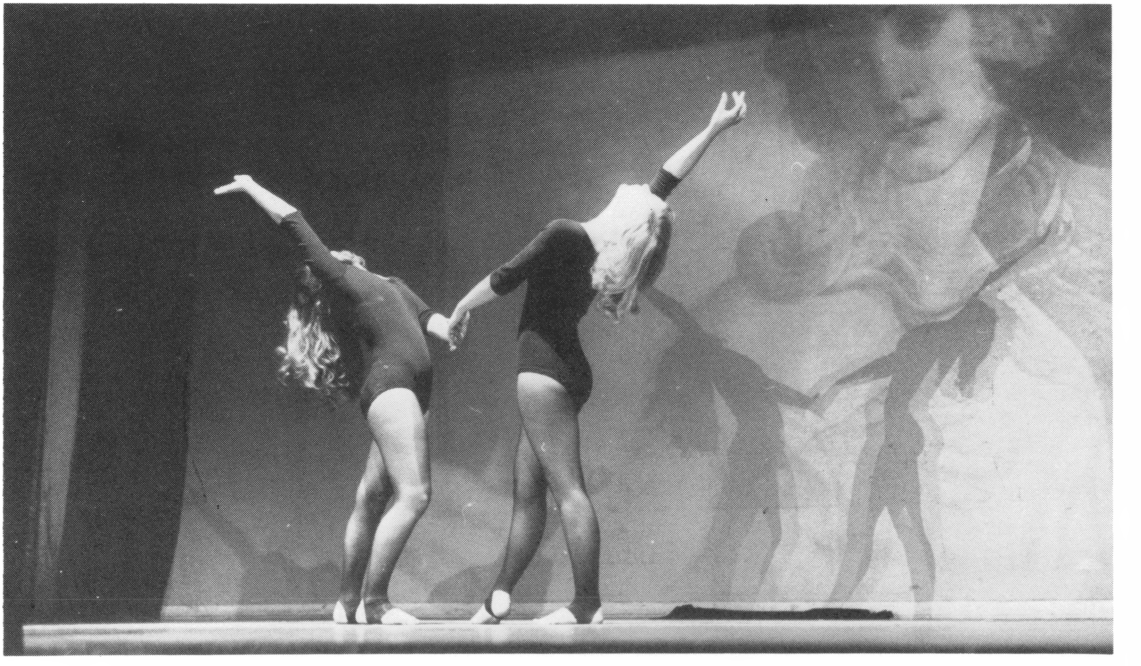
Everyone worked hard and gave up much of their free time for its perfection, though nobody more than its producer who tirelessly laboured at all the problems arising from the difficulty of such a project.

The deadline for its performance was met and was complimented by a programme of three other productions. Mrs. Smiley choreographed an enjoyable dance called "The Rhythm of Life" which was performed with enthusiasm by members of the main school. "Tiger's Bones," an extremely difficult play, was admirably presented by fourth years and preceded a short, poetic play by the Upper Sixth 'A' Level Drama group, "At The Hawk's Well". This was praised by all for its quality of originality and the high standard of acting produced, especially from Susan Charman (as always), Claire Masters, and Pam Nicholls in her interpretation of the hawk.

"Agamemnon" was thoroughly appreciated at each performance. The modern music, poetry, lighting effects and the dance itself, all blended to make it for many the culmination of the whole evening. The dramatic portrayals of the characters by all the cast were very effective particularly when coupled with skilful lighting. For this, special thanks should go to Louise Johns and Andrew Keeley, and also to Mr. Leslie Adey who prepared and operated the slide projections which reflected the mood of each scene.

The audiences were full, but the evenings comprised some outstanding performances which deserved to be supported by more pupils.

Charlotte Whitlock, 6_1



Katherine Scott and Clare Goodwin (6_2) in a scene from the Dance Drama

Geography – Visit to Ramsgate

In March 1976, a coach full of fourth year girls, equipped with everything from Wellington boots to clipboards, left the Maidstone School for Girls bound for Ramsgate. We arrived two hours later to be welcomed warmly by Mr. and Mrs. Biddle, owners of "Sunny-Sea" guest house and Mr. and Mrs. Tanner of "Tancliffe" guest house. Within an hour we were established in rooms and sitting down to a good meal.

The following week was spent in the study of Ramsgate itself and the Isle of Thanet. It was very cold, with strong north winds and much rain but we still managed to have a good time. The cold weather kept the tourists away and the town was peaceful and quiet. The townsfolk were most helpful in answering our questions. Studies of the shopping facilities, the beach, and the history of Ramsgate were part of our work.

Other days were spent in the studying of the coastline eroded by the sea. The problem of the invading sea was looked at by learning about the various methods of drainage which keep the Isle of Thanet artificially drained. The sea wall and the pumping stations were also visited. Another day was spent in studying the quaint town of Sandwich. Prior to this we visited Ramsgate Hoverport and stood on the viewing deck watching the large hovercrafts whirr to and from the continent. We then walked along the A256 to Sandwich making a plan of the industries situated on either side of the road. These were numerous, ranging from fireworks to fertilisers. The work we did was enjoyable but hard. We were all sad to leave at the end of the week, but also happy to be returning home.

Lindsay Foulds, 5Y

Physics

In addition to the normal curriculum, girls sometimes have the opportunity of attending scientific lectures.

Recently the 4th years learnt about the exciting developments in bringing micro electronics to the home, at the Institution of Electrical Engineers. The 6ths attended a Royal Navy lecture entitled "The Electron rules the Waves" at the new Wembley Conference Centre. Problems and solutions were demonstrated in both film and practical models.

Other visits included a day trip to Dungeness Nuclear Power Station and the University of Kent, and a film and exhibition illustrating technology today.

M. Evans

Junior Drama Day

About seven weeks before the grand finale, we started our rehearsals for Junior Drama day. We all planned our parts, each of us astonished at what we had to learn and act. We realised that the only way to make this play was to work together as a class, as a really united group and to co-operate with each other.

Each rehearsal had Miss Robson, our producer, on tenterhooks with us, exasperated at having to tell us how to act, talk and where to stand. I am sure she had little faith in our learning the words. After many hours of tedious effort for Junior Drama day, "Ernie and his Incredible Allucination", was ready "to go on the air". When Junior Drama day came, everyone was desperately making last minute preparations and adjustments. We were the second to act our play and it was agony sitting through the first play, nervously nibbling at our nails and not paying attention to the production, thinking "what if something goes wrong?" or "what if I forget my words?"

Finally when it was our turn, we rushed backstage and prepared our props. We all sat with anxious faces while Mrs. Williams introduced our play. It seemed hours until the curtains finally rose and our hearts were literally in our mouths.

The whole play went smoothly and because it was a comedy everybody laughed as we hoped they would.

It was extremely nerve-wracking to have all the lights facing you and to see a hundred faces peering through the blackness at you. After thirty-five minutes everything was over. It took seven weeks to prepare the play, yet it was all over in a flash.

When finally all the plays had been seen and judged by the sixth form, the five judges took their stand to announce the results. By three votes to five the "Canterbury Tales" had won. A surge of disappointment filled us all, yet also we were overcome with joy that we had gained second place.

Diane Hancock, 4z

The School Cruise 1977:

TWELVE HOURS ON THE ISLAND OF RHODES

The harbour walls were silhouetted against the rising sun. The magnificent medieval harbour fortifications were dominated by the Grand Master's Palace of the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem.

Our first destination was the site of the legendary bronze statue of Colossos at the harbour entrance; this stood over one hundred feet tall with legs astride the entrance. Earthquakes destroyed it in 300 B.C. and its shattered pieces remained in the sea until Turkish invaders collected them and melted them down. The site of the statue is now marked by two pillars.

The tourist shops were within the fortified walls. Cheesecloth blouses, silver filigree jewellery and ceramic work could be found in abundance. Heavy showers forced us to dodge from shop to shop and prevented sight-seeing. Our morning was gone and we returned to the ship for lunch.

An organized afternoon excursion to Lindos (35 miles away) was arranged. The spectacular, rugged limestone peaks jutted out from the flat valleys dissected by dry river courses. Vegetation was scanty. This changed in the vicinity of Lindos, where olive and orange groves lined the road.

The town of Lindos clung to the sheltered, gently-sloping side of the limestone cliffs, while the complex ruins of a greek temple crowned the exposed cliff top. A large, deep blue, circular bay lay beneath Lindos. The coaches parked in the town and we climbed up to the temple. The effort was rewarded with panoramic views over the town, the bay and out over the mediterranean. It was difficult to imagine a raging storm, when surveying the tranquil sea and waves lapping against the vicious rocks six hundred feet below.

The natural beauty of the Island of Rhodes has to be seen at first hand. It was one of our most memorable ports of call.

Alison Flynn, 6_1 4

By Karen Walker, 5Z

A Sense of the Past

I have lain dormant for so many years. A stone head recording all I have seen and heard. I have lain under bog and mire, since time unknown, through war and peace, through prosperity and recession. If I had possessed a brain no doubt I would have fought and schemed for freedom from my bonds, However, I remained content to stay for as long as time would allow.

There was a time when I was young, I would dwell on those times, while buried far beneath the earth.

The celtic head worshippers had built me with the most primitive of tools. They breathed life into me, a life that could never die, one that would arise again in years to come and fill the world with dread of the unknown.

The celts claimed that I was their god and made sacrifices of sickly shrunken heads. It was then that the first were-wolf was created, the beginning of black magic. The celts danced around a blazing fire, chanting songs.

I remember that night well, it was pitch black, a full moon hung over the village like a white balloon. A cauldron containing a thick slimy substance was placed on the fire.

The chanting and dancing continued until the mixture exploded into a green cloud sending sparks flying in all directions. The village stood back amazed, not quite sure of what to expect, before they had time to decide, from the midst of the cloud appeared a separate gas which slowly took the form of the first were-wolf, and then became a solid.

One man threw a torch and it made the were-wolf's dry and matted hair catch fire. The noise that came from him, as he tried to stamp out the flames was more a wolf's call than a scream.

The noise echoed on the still air, a tremendous terrifying noise unknown to the human ear. The men would have run away, had they been able, it was as if their feet were glued to the ground, the glue was fear, a fear that not even the strongest man would have the power to overcome.

As the were-wolf was unable to dowse the flames, he returned to his spiritual form and for safety entered me, the stone head, the god to the villagers and all the other celts.

The same man who threw the torch, plucking up courage, lifted me from my pedestal and flung me into the bog, along with the were-wolf.

The moment that I had been waiting for, for so long, had finally arrived. For hundreds of years unknown to me, the bog has been slowly drying up and now I felt the earth above me moving. The weight above me slowly became less and less. Suddenly, a great light was before me, such a bright, blinding light, that if I had been a mere mortal my eyes would have been rendered useless. I was spellbound, it had been so long since I had seen the sun-light.

Warm hands lifted me out, it was a young girl.
"Hey! come over here", she urged to a group of men standing nearby.
"Look what I have found, just right for the museum."

Once again I found myself touched with care, although for a different reason. I had the dried mud scraped from my face, and it was not long before my features became clear.

I felt the awakening of the presence of evil in me. Something in me shivered, something that seemed as if it had been dead for a long time. It was not long before I was proved right. It was a cold frosty night, I felt as if I had been emptied, and indeed I had, for the were-wolf had awoken from his long slumber and was coming out of me.

He materialized and set off into the dark, when he returned he had blood dripping from his fangs and held a woman's dismembered arm clutched in his paws.

This happened night after night after night, it was not long before somebody saw the were-wolf returning and saw where he disappeared to. The next night when the were-wolf materialized, he was surrounded by guns. The guns fired simultaneously, but the bullets penetrated straight though the were-wolf's body. He had sensed that the guns meant danger and became his spiritual form again and he re-entered me.

For days and nights the guards stood watching and waiting for something to happen. On the fourth night the were-wolf was hungry and materialized in a really savage mood. He pounced on one of the guards and ripped his flesh to pieces, the other guards raised their guns and shot.

Later, an axe rose above me, and fell, I saw the great iron head and watched with fearful eyes as it reached nearer and nearer . . .

Susan Chrisfield, 3_Z

The Owl

He sat on a branch watching.
Amber eyes glaring
For something that was moving.

Out of a hole a mouse came.
Went back in, then out again.
He was watched by eyes of flame.

Down swooped the owl silently.
He divebombed down quietly.
Caught the mouse's neck neatly.

Watching he started to eat.
With his beak he tore at the meat.
And left a ball of ears, tail and feet.

Deborah Martyn, 4B

Karen Cloke, 5X

Barren Harvest

The embers of Autumn fade to ashes white,
The declining days drag onward into night,
So dies the flame of hope to darkness.
The barren solitude a lightless starkness,
Over landscape lost, and love long feigned
But ended, all earth and life reclaimed
Divided, desolate the lonely part,
Time transforms, holds long and fast.

Teresa Goodbody, 5X

'Open Wide'

Those familiar words run through my mind, and I hate them as much as I hate the noise of chalk scraping down a blackboard. I make no attempt to obey, but sit there, cowering like a frightened rabbit about to be shot. Again the words are repeated and I reluctantly open my jaws just wide enough for two silver instruments to be thrust into my mouth, and for the light to shine into my face like an interrogation procedure.

"There now," the words try to comfort me, "it doesn't hurt – it's just your imagination."

Doesn't hurt. What does he know? Why does he think that millions of people all over the world feel faint just at the sound of the word "dentist"? Doesn't hurt – if it doesn't hurt, why am I sitting here as though the end of the world is upon me?

I sit there rigidly in the reclining chair and clench my fists trying to think of something pleasant.

"Well, this is it," I say to myself. The round, black rubber mask moves nearer, and the big brown eyes, intent on their job, close in on me. I'm trapped! I close my eyes and feel like dying. Automatically, I breathe in and out, in and out. I begin to float. Hundreds of colours move round and round, dancing and spinning. People are laughing and children are playing. A storm begins, the lightning flashes and the thunder roars. Then silence.

Very distantly I feel someone shaking me gently, and a voice tells me it's all over. I blink open my eyes and slowly gaze upwards. I see the dentist smiling, and, in between some forceps, he is proudly brandishing my tooth!

Once again it's all over and I fall back into the chair relieved and happy!

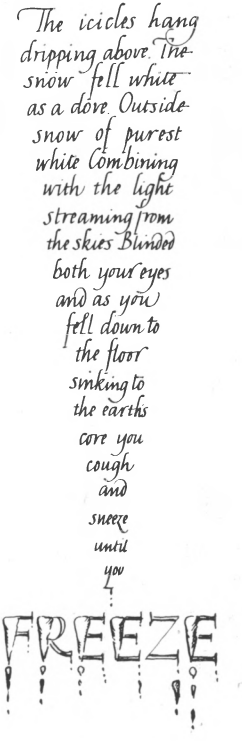
Annette Fettes, 4A

Illustration by Claire Gifford, 5Y

A Worm's Eye View

It's not very nice for us poor worms,
You humans seem to think we're covered with germs.
You treat us all like bits of dirt
One of you dug up in your garden my friend Bert,
Then you threw him to the ground
And spread the earth, his home, around.
Not to mention my cousin Cyril
Who was taken away and fed to a squirrel,
I heard you say it was some kind of test
To make the squirrel grow a hairy chest,
But I've never seen a squirrel without –
Though there may be some, I have no doubt.
Another thing you humans do
Is tread on our homes, and us worms too,
For you never look at the ground where you walk,
And none of you ever hear the squawk
Of a little worm lost under your foot,
Squashed under your great human boot,
Just one more thing before I end
If you won't treat a worm like a friend,
Then when we come to rule the earth,
Nothing will your life be worth.
So let me warn you here and now
We'll kill you all one day, we vow!

Annette Senior, 4X


The icicles hang dripping above. The snow fell white as a dove. Outside snow of purest white Combining with the light streaming from the skies Blinded both your eyes and as you fell down to the floor sinking to the earths core you cough and sneeze until you
FREEZE

By Karen French, 3 alpha. Calligraphy by Miss Wright

13th December, 1976

A man walked along the street. He was going to work like everyone else. He was a typical business man with a large house and a secure family, but this day was to be different from all the rest that he had experienced and was to change his family's whole way of life. Suddenly someone shouted and then the whole street was filled with the sound of gunshots. The man walking along the street was bewildered and ran for shelter. He did not know what was happening, he felt afraid. A stocking-masked man ran in front of him, he seemed nervous and when he saw the man sheltering he panicked and turned his shotgun towards him and pulled the trigger.

Denise Boarer, 5z

Little Nigel's Birthday

When little Nigel awoke that morning he thought it was just an ordinary day. He was wrong. A few seconds later he realised that it was in fact his birthday! He dressed excitedly in his neatly pressed white trousers and his new cardigan that his sister had knitted for him only the other day. After he had brushed his hair and cleaned his teeth he went downstairs, two steps at a time, to see what presents he had been given. As it turned out his presents exceeded his wildest hopes :— a shirt with a matching tie on elastic, a new geometry set, a pair of grey socks and an abridged copy of "Great Expectations," which he was sure would be most improving; at any rate an improvement on the 'Boys Own Paper', which was a little difficult to get now anyway, having gone out of print seventy years ago.

In with the cornflakes was a free plastic submarine, it was really his sister's turn for the cornflakes gift but as it was his birthday they let Nigel have it.

Afterwards he had to go to school. When he told the teacher it was his twenty-fourth birthday and she said that he was a big boy now, he was very proud.

At four o'clock that afternoon his guests arrived. There was deformed Eric, nasty Susy, Pigmy Joan, Enoch, Alison, who wanted to be a nurse when she grew up, Popular Tom, with his popular curly hair and his popular plastic sandals, and many more. All the boys were dressed in their best suits and the girls were wearing pleated skirts and daring sleeveless blouses.

After they had given their presents they sat down at a long table for a tea, consisting of cakes, fishpaste sandwiches, jelly and trifle, with lemonade and coffee to drink.

After that, although thoroughly bloated with all the good fare, smilingly handed out by Nigel's half-wit mother (who nevertheless was a firm favourite with the W.I. and Church Council, and very popular when it came to the children's Christmas Party), they played energetic games. Table tennis, which Nigel of course won, it being his party, or he mightn't be friends with them any more. What an opportunity to show off his skill as the Boy Scouts' Table Tennis Champion! The others played a new and exciting permutation of Ludo, in which if you dropped the dice under the table you were permitted to grovel for it. What fun they had.

Sadly at ten minutes to six, all the guests had to go, but as they left, waving and clutching their oranges, party bleepers and other going home presents, they assured him that they had all had a splendid time and would come to his Twenty-Fifth birthday party!

Sarah Sedge, 4X

A Young Widow

As I look at your picture, in that old fashioned frame,
I see your smile and make my claim,
That you once loved me.
Those eyes so deep, so sad yet sweet,
Once filled with lingering dew,
It seemed as if you knew.

So often now, I remember your face,
So haunting in those last days,
I wish that you might but return,
and live as you deserved.

"Until death do us part",
On our wedding day through roses we took
that oath and smiled,
Yet still your eyes mistily shined,
It seemed as if you knew.

You knew that you would leave me soon,
And yet my love, a home you built from
A cave and furnished it with the truth.
So happily lived we that you forgot,
And all too soon you were gone -
And you leave me alone with bitter-sweet memories in your picture,
So deep, so sad yet sweet, and filled with love.

Karen Woolston, 5X

Lemmings

All 'Great Philosophers' must love the sea,
And many maudlin poets write ever rolling calm
And such trite seascapes.

Lulled asleep in holiday deckchair.
Consciousness caught like shoes
By waves of silent soaking sense,
Which round and smooth the sharp
So even worried mothers doze,
And skeptics accept unknowing mighty truths.

Dreamswept tide time lunar rhythm.
Passover waves bring
Bloated deaths, comic distortions,
Foreign flotsam, bits of erotica.
No beach revelation
Worth a remorseless second's stay.

We build erupting circus wheels
And high endeavour hotels
To trap this life and vie that perfect plain horizon.
But in our sparkling wheel of death denial
Flock seaward million strong once a year.

C. Robson

Baby Moses

The children of Israel were many,
Bountiful, strong and brave,
They toiled their land and multiplied,
To God their love they gave.

The king of Egypt worried so,
The dangers he could see,
In multitudes of Israelites,
Roaming their land so free.

He called upon his warriors,
And of his plans did tell,
To put them into bondage so,
Their spirits he would quell.

Task masters did afflict them,
Bitter their lives did grow,
They built great cities for the King,
And oft' their blood did flow.

But still their numbers did abound,
And Egypt's King did rave,
He rounded up the baby boys,
The river was their grave.

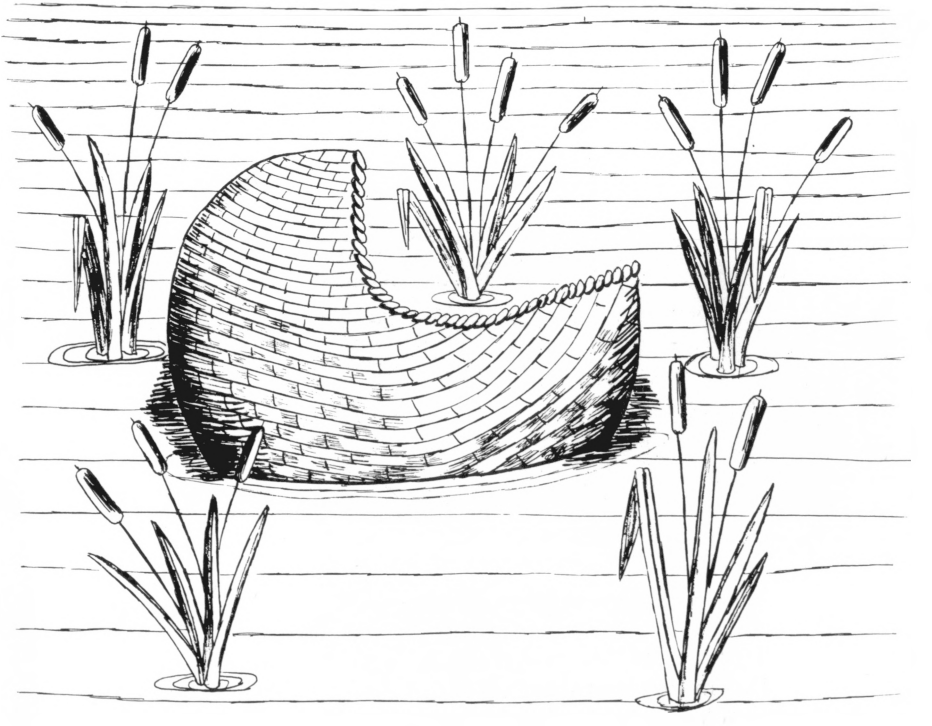
But one boy child was saved that day,
His mother she was wise
She hid him in the bullrushes,
Away from prying eyes.

The Pharaoh's daughter came to bathe,
Beside the River Nile,
She saw the boy child in his crib,
And to her he did smile.

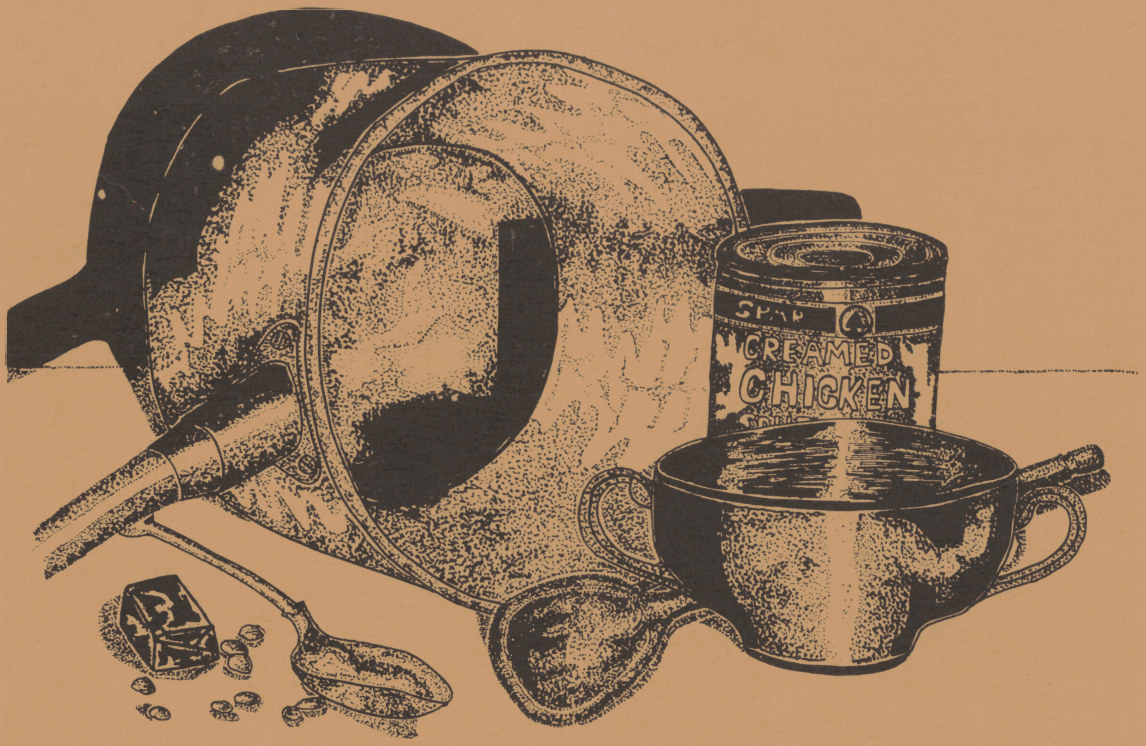
The Pharaoh's daughter called her maid,
Who was the boy child's kin,
Fetch unto me a Hebrew nurse,
His mother she did bring.

The mother nursed her little child,
He was a chosen one,
The Pharaoh's daughter took him in,
And Moses was her son.

Kay Smith, 3Y



Melanie Gibson, 4Y



FRANCES MAGEE 5A

Sarah Ledger, 4Y

Linda Squires, 5 alpha

Frances Magee, 5A

Alone

There is nobody here apart from myself. I am sitting at my desk trying to write an essay: my mind is blank, and I can't think of a thing to write. I am bored with my own company and I want to get out, but I can't; for this essay has to be handed in by tomorrow otherwise I am in trouble.

I sit here staring at the piece of blank paper which is lying in front of me; I can hear my clock ticking away in the corner, and the fierce wind blowing outside. My light is beaming down on my desk and I soon have no interest in my essay and start making shadow figures by using the light on my piece of paper, to amuse myself.

I have been sitting here for about twenty minutes though it seems like twenty hours. It's hopeless, all the words have drained from my head.

My mind soon starts wandering and I start to wonder what it would be like to be really alone, to have no-one in the world to share your troubles and happiness, no-one to talk to, or to ask for help. You could slip away in the night and no-one would even know you had ever existed. Or you could become ill and starve if you had no one to fetch you food. It horrifies me to think of all the things that could happen.

It is raining outside now. I can hear it tapping on my window like the patter of tiny feet. Everything is damp and gloomy which makes me feel even more depressed.

I look down at my piece of paper and I see that I have been doodling on it; this surprises me for I can't remember doing any such doodling. I think how funny it is, the things you do and think when you are suffering from the experience of loneliness.

It was hopeless even to think of writing an essay now – my mind and brain were just not up to it, but how do you explain that to an English teacher? How do you say that you couldn't do it because you were lonely and you couldn't think of anything to write as your mind kept wandering. How do you say you tried to write it but you just couldn't? Teachers are all the same.

Only someone who has suffered loneliness could really understand.

Kim Wells, 4 alpha

Which Perfection?

Shadow-patterened by the brightening sunlight
A steamy heat coiled upwards from the cup:
As warm, brown liquid washing through me, bright
With silence, the glowing tableau in flood
Through my mind, saturating the darkness.
What beauty was it, opening like a bud,
That flowered through my being? Was it thought
Of the burning ball and heat uprising,
Or was it poetic image that brought
Such pain in pleasure? Bursting, yearning to
Pursue the inspirational etoile,
I see its divine path splitting in two.
Which the image and which the reflection?
Man the Mind or Machine: which perfection?

Susan Charman, 6_2 7

Nothing

We were given the task of writing an article for the school magazine. As I can think of nothing, I will write about nothing.

Nothing is a miracle cure for headaches and other ailments. It says so on T.V. – You know, where that man tells you . . . "Nothing acts faster than Anadin."

No-one can be sure what nothing is like, as no-one has experienced truly nothing, or anything like it.

The dictionary defines nothing as being, "not anything; no amount; thing of no importance," but what does a dictionary know about it? As no person has ever encountered it, how can a dictionary have done so?

Indeed where did the word nothing come from? If there is no such thing as "nothing" why was the word ever thought up? Underneath I have underlined a sentence which illustrates my idea of nothing.

Carol Cripps, 4Z

My Life, My Tunnel

I was thrown into that corridor,
Dark, solid, neverending.
I was told of a light somewhere,
A light to search for.
After each almost faltering step,
The barred gates swung down behind,
Forward only was the way,
Promptness, neatness and thought, the path
To the light and freedom.
Watching over me were guardians,
Some stern, some forbidding,
Some others as friends and aiding.
After years in my tunnel,
The dawn was breaking,
But not before barriers which I had to attack,
At last I reached the door,
It was opened by me,
By my work and achievements.
I stood, suddenly blinded,
Apprehensive, excited and very bewildered.
Where to go now after years in my tunnel?
Who to go with and when to leave?
I turned back to the darkness,
But the door was boarded,
So I turned and strode forward
Towards light, but another tunnel.

Alison Thompson, 5 alpha

My Turtle Doves

In France I have birds.
They live under a red rose bush.
They sing all day,
I like them;
They have white and soft feathers.
When they sleep,
They are ruffled.
They are graceful and pretty.
They know me well.
They roost on my finger,
And my head.
I had to leave them,
But I dream to go and join them.
Here in my English garden,
There are two turtle doves,
Who live in a big pine.
I like to watch them,
Cooing on the tree,
Balancing in the wind,
Eating on the grass
And flying in the sky.
When I see them,
I am less sad.

Marianne Prunier, 3A

Morning

A glimmer of light sparkled on the window,
Gently caressing my face and intruding on my slumber,
Slowly drawing back the curtains I allowed the intrusion,
Allowed the light into my room to remove the fantasies of night.
In silence I paused and absorbed the beauty of the sky,
Which in a riot of colour gathered all its power for the new day,
As I then contemplated the glowing hues,
I felt, for an all too brief moment, at one with God,
Humbly facing the glory and the power of the dawn,
I understood life; had a clear vision of its purpose for me!
But the vision was fleeting; the encounter brief,
The commotion of the new day distracted my attention,
Drew me into the circle of progress, away from
the simplicity of beauty and wonder.

Jill Fairhead, 6_27

Fool

Sitting in the empty room
Writing words
That are too close to me:
Too absurd.
Hoping with all my might
And simplicity
And humility
That the fight
Is at least fair.
All fools are wise –
They can't deceive themselves.

Susan Charman, 6_27

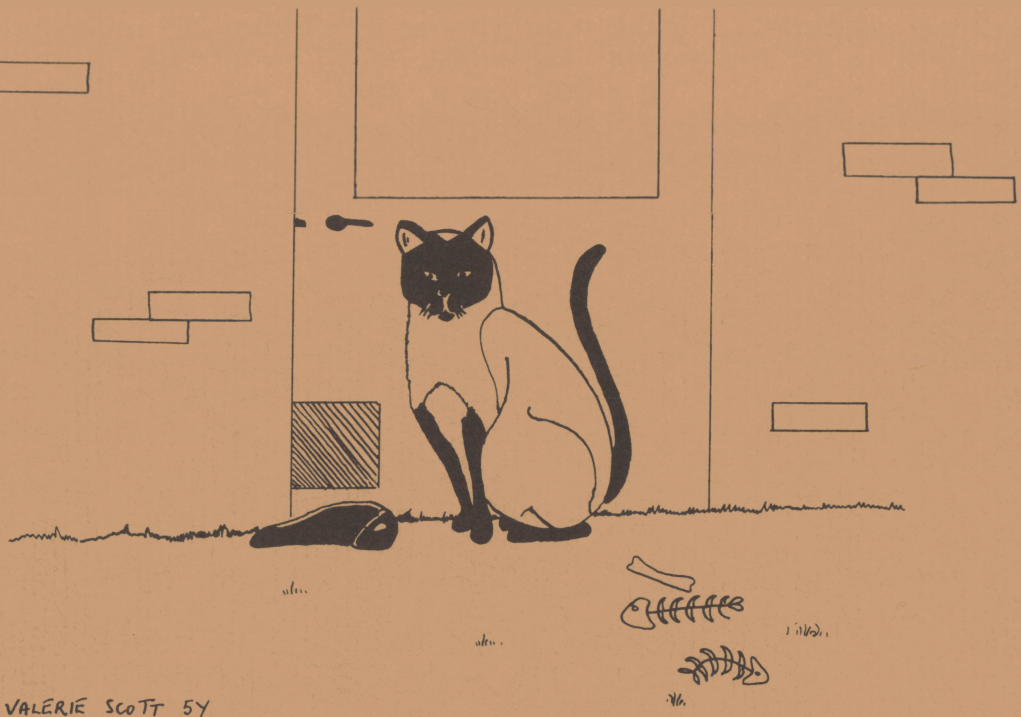
Illustration by Penny Davis, 4 alpha

The Old Man

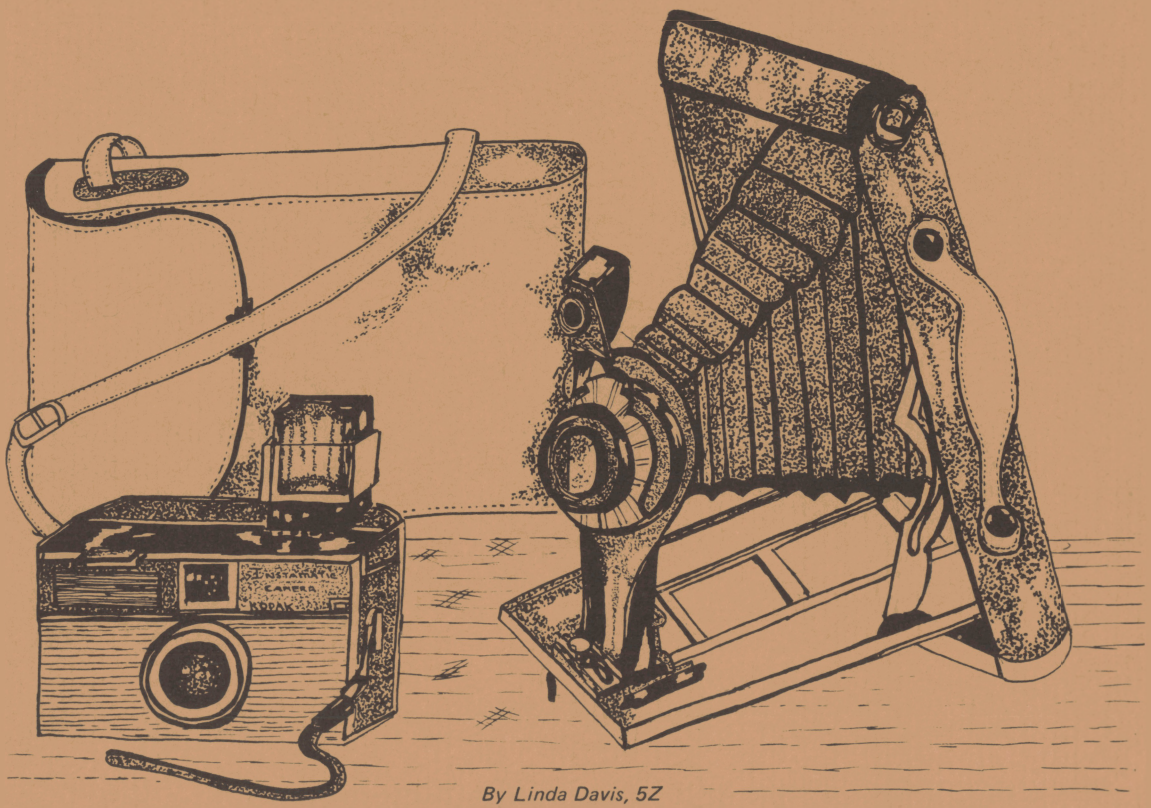
The body was frail and lay crumpled on the cold damp bench,
Yellow rays from the street lamp, danced on the colourless face:
displaying a collection of tired wrinkles and an unshaven chin.
Beneath a weathered blanket of discarded newspapers, a foot hung.

The shabby flesh barely covered by the remains of someone's old plimsolls,
was engraved with dirt and filth.
A bottle with the last remains of the deadly mauve liquid rested in the limp hand,
Another one for a quiet funeral.

Sarah Peters, 4 alpha



VALERIE SCOTT 5Y



By Linda Davis, 5Z

Northern Ireland

A man lies dead in the street.
But this was no accident:
He was not hit by a car;
His wounds show too clearly
the signs of a bomb;
The choking dust in the air
settles on the cuts and burns
the blood gray.

A shop lies in ruins, where only
seconds ago people were alive.
But now only rubble and corpses
remain.
And silence for a second,
Then a child cries.
People pick their way across
the rubble,
And start to free the bodies from
the debris –
In hope to find someone still alive.
But they know it is to no avail.

Deborah Hill, 4z

Illustration by Julie Kingsman, 5 alpha

A Summer Day's Death

Walking, under the blaze of the sun,
Scorching all over.
Sweat pours from my clammy skin.
My body screams to be released,
From the fiery cavern within,
Brain and soul torn away,
To leave me helpless,
In a rage against the heat.

My senses die,
Silently I spin to the ground,
The world passes before me,
Shaking with rage,
I tremble to my death.

Shelley Smith, 3Y

Life, whatever that is.
We're all going somewhere
Do I worry or don't I care?
It gets so hard to see the end
And when I'm there will I have a friend?

Each day we learn more
But why and what for?
Reality it seems is just a dream
Or is that part of the scheme?

I used to look at life and wonder why.
Now it all seems only a lie.
False people, forcing smiles.
Souls stored in concrete files.

Penny Wood, 5X

By Claire Gilham, 4X

Karen Ludlow, 5 alpha

A Bitter Blow!

I tell a tragic tale of woe,
Of sadness and of strife,
'T was told to me not long ago,
This hapless maiden's life.

I am alone she cried, and lost,
My heart 't was broke in two,
A man so cruel has let me down,
This day he'll come to rue.

Alas, alas, this bonny girl
'T was sorry to behold,
For life had dealt a bitter blow
And left her in the cold.

When I was young I loved a man,
A bonny love and true,
He promised he would stay with me
And love me all life through.

Now we were poor, as poor can be,
But happy in our nest,
I worked my fingers to the bone
To give my love the best.

Alas, alas, this bonny girl
'T was sorry to behold,
For life had dealt a bitter blow
And left her in the cold.

One fateful morn, a lady fair
Came knocking at our door,
"I come from yonder manor house,
And see that you are poor."

"I need a man to chop the wood,
A man that's strong and tall.
Your husband fair I will employ
In answer to my call."

Alas, alas, this bonny girl
'T was sorry to behold.
For life had dealt a bitter blow
And left her in the cold.

I begged, I pleaded, "Do not go!
This woman bodes no good."
My warning words, he did not heed
And left me where I stood.

'T was late and he had not returned,
I waited on in vain.
I sighed as tears ran down my cheeks
I'll not see him again.

Alas, alas, this bonny girl
'T was sorry to behold,
For life had dealt a bitter blow
And left her in the cold.

Jenny Highwood, 3Y

Terror in Darkness

Eleven o'clock.
Dark at night,
Walking along a secluded lane.
Crackling leaves,
Thinking of leaves,
A mugger is loose;
"Could be insane."
Words read this morning in the "Daily Mail."
Start walking faster,
Stop and listen.
The steps behind begin to quicker.
Start to run.
Watch out behind!
Who knows if we turn
What we will find?
Take a quick glimpse to see
Staring at me,
Out of a tree,
Big green eyes
Staring at thee.
The cat from next door,
I think with great glee!
I turn to go home
Relief in my bones,
A twig cracks behind me
My life is not saved,
A sharp knife torments me
As I lay in my grave.

Sharon Bowley and Anne Manser, 4X

Suspended Life

With bended head and dripping brow,
He stalked along – unmoved,
His careless wonder,
His dying fear,
followed by his side –
Deep in thought,
He stopped and looked,
His life's long pathways marked,
With wrinkled cheeks,
Pathetic smile,
His tears run dry with pain,
Alone again he checked the time,
Then slowly rambled on.

Ruth Townsend, 4A

The Silent End

A heavy rumble heralded the approach of the first tank to cross the border. It was the beginning and the end – the beginning of the invasion, of the senseless war that would soon crawl into the country like an awful, infectious disease: enveloping those whose only crime was living on the other side of the border. Yet, it was the end of the normal, quiet lives of those people behind the shutters. They would have to learn to live with the invading army on their doorstep. They would learn to speak carefully and to obey humbly the army's slightest word. They would learn or they would die.

As soon as the last detachment of armed soldiers had crossed the border, and the tanks had lined up in the square, blocking the roads, the first shot rang out and the first civilian died. He was a beggar; no money, no food, no family. To the soldier who fired he was another assassin in the shadows.

The darkness was thick and heavy. The soldiers' movements were like the whispers of the angel of death calling for the victims.

Behind the shutters the people were afraid to breathe; hoping that the soldiers would move on and miss them. They were like children who hide their faces when you shout at them thinking that it will make you disappear and then they can continue playing.

The soldiers did not go away. The heavy vehicles stood silently in the square, their blank, malignant eyes scanning the houses around waiting for the slightest movement. The soldiers stamped their feet and swung their arms in an effort to keep warm, their breath hanging in the air like the lost spirit of the people they had killed, haunting them. The weapons in their hands seemed to have become part of them, like a second arm. What happens when you see a soldier? Is it really the soldier you see first? Or is it the gun!

Silently the people sat by the shutters peering through the slats; moving hurriedly away when a soldier turned in their direction, then creeping back to watch once more. They were cold inside their homes, but it was no fault of the temperature, it was fear! They shivered with fear. It crept down their spines, and on reaching the bottom ran up again. Their hearts beat faster. Their imagination ran riot with the thought of Death.

All night long the soldiers waited. All night long the people waited. It was like a deadly game of chess. Each player waiting for the other to move first while forgetting whose move it is.

The atmosphere was tense. A blanket of silence had been thrown over the whole town. It was like being frozen in an ice block. You could not hear or move; just watch and wait, wait for death with her ice cold fingers and whispered sentiments to bring you closer to her bosom and choke out your life.

The Commanding Officer brushed the dust off his uniform, like dirt from a gravestone, and marched across the square. He spread the map across the bonnet of his sleek, staff car, and waited for the dawn to break. He used a torch, to aid him in working out his plan of action for the town two hundred miles away. Then he refolded the map and stuffed it unceremoniously into the pocket inside his coat.

The dawn crept across the sky like a pool of innocent blood spreading across the country in the army's wake. It flushed the square with colour, creeping amongst the death machines to where some soldiers were preparing an apparatus for action. They laughed and joked while they were working.

The people slowly realised that the soldiers were loading things into their trucks and must be preparing to move out. Now they could carry on their lives as before, without fear.

They donned Gas Masks! It took only one soldier to turn the valve on the apparatus.

Slowly it crept like a predatory animal, a shadow of a shadow. It crept across the square and in through key holes, oozing under doors, through the slats of the shutters. It

floated in through cellar windows, up the stairs. It embraced all those it found, enveloping them in its transparent wings, seeping into their lungs. It whispered to them of unheard of places and nameless creeping things . . . and it whispered of sleep!

They began to drop down to their knees, to fall on the floor . . . to sleep. Their eyelids grew heavy and their hearts slowed down. They met Death and entered her dark domain. No one escaped the billowing cloud except its master. Those who had released it were safe.

It took only one soldier.

The tanks, armoured cars, trucks and soldiers pulled out of the village satisfied that they had done their jobs.

With quiet deliberation the Commanding Officer took out his thick black pencil and his map and made a thick black mark across the place on the map where the town was shown. Then he put it away and sat back in his sleek, staff car.

Beverley Gray, 5Y

Illustration by Susan Gurmin, 4Z

The Rope Snaps

I am alone and yet I have friends,
My mind is confused and splitting apart,
The thread of my lifeline has frayed –
Before me a mass of cold, unwelcoming years,
What is there to be done?
Can I be saved before the rope snaps?
Which will break first, my mind or the rope?
Torn between hate and despair I stumble through each day,
Flickers of hope flash before my eyes,
I try to reach them but like a mirage they disappear,
Will there ever be an end? Or like a rainbow stretching
to infinity
So shall my life draw onwards to an unknown darkness?

A sixth-former

Miss Price — An Interview

After promising that we would not twist her words Kent-Messenger fashion, Miss Price enthusiastically led us into her small but comfortable workroom. It seemed strange that after knowing her in a position of detached authority for six years, we were now encountering her as an interviewee.

Miss Price was born in the industrial town of Birkenhead on 18th April 1923. After living at home during her University years she was glad to get the chance to move to Kent and found that it was a great advantage to be near both London and France. She came to Kent in the September of 1945 and has been teaching here ever since. If Miss Price had not taken up teaching she would have gone into the Land Army; but if she had been born a millionaire — which she stresses she most certainly wasn't — she would probably have worked with animals.

She does not only teach French but also first year German and has taught speech training. She found teaching a remedial class English language particularly rewarding.

Miss Price obviously enjoys teaching her subject — her aim being to enable her pupils to develop as far as they possibly can. She believes that the relationship the teacher has with her pupil should be based on mutual respect. A teacher has to have, as well as expect, high standards of conduct, consideration for others, speech, appearance, punctuality and readiness for lessons. If a teacher does not expect high standards she will not get high standards in return. As Miss Price sums up: "If you're prepared to accept second best, you'll end up getting third best."

She stresses the need for formality in lessons, up to 'O' level, and says that children need to feel secure, and that they count — "they like to know the difference between school and the youthclub." A mixed environment like a youthclub, is natural but not everyone can work in a school where there are both boys and girls. Miss Price believes that there is a place for both single-sex and mixed schools and is surprised that there has not yet been a move to set up a mixed Upper School. She says that many youngsters flourish in a mixed school atmosphere, particularly those who lack the influence of the opposite sex in their families. However, she finds that in certain subjects, girls particularly tend to work better in single sex schools. She, personally would not like to teach in a mixed high school.

This led to the subject of youth today. We were expecting the usual "older generation" dogma but we were surprised when Miss Price told us that although outward manifestations change, human nature does not. Many modes of fashion have been witnessed by Miss Price and she gave us an amusing account of a fashionable hairstyle which was "a great crime" when she was a young teacher. This was the "Veronica Lake" style and, as we had never even heard of this, Miss Price explained to us how the hair would be brushed over one eye and the rest piled high. She told us how, from above, all she could see was "a mass of ironmongery" on each head. Miss Price believes that a lot of good is done by the youth of today but, in regard to their appearance says, "never before has it been fashionable to appear scruffy and in rags, when you have the money not to appear scruffy and in rags."

Out of school Miss Price has many hobbies which include animal welfare, riding, natural history, history, recording, collecting model horse-drawn vehicles and sewing. She enjoys reading poetry and also books which are not necessarily highbrow. She remembers one particular quotation from "Black Beauty" by Anna Sewell — "An easy mouth is a fine thing on a long journey but one likes to know that one's driver has not gone to sleep," which has been as pertinent and telling in her life as any from the perennially enjoyable Shakespeare. Even Beethoven, of whom she is fond, would be deserted in favour of Gilbert and Sullivan, if in the event of a catastrophe she had to choose the essential among her possessions — Desert Island Disc Style!

With a twinkle in her eye and a wide, open smile, Miss Price concluded our interview with a simple but profound quotation from 'The Sound of Music' – a quotation that has been an enduring comfort;

"When God closes a door, somewhere he opens a window."

Pamela Nichols and Isabelle Ettinger, 6_27

Questions

Drizzle darted down the transparent screen that separated her from that big world of uncertainties. Indifferently she gazed out, resting her chin on her hands, from a warm, bright but untidy, friendly bedroom. Suddenly she shivered, as a gust of wind picked up a paper bag and carelessly tossed it into the garden. Until that moment her mind had been suspended in space and she had looked on the depressed scene, without really seeing. But, now she noticed her reflection staring back at her. She felt frightened. "Is that really me?" Bewildered at what she saw, she tried to recollect her thoughts and come back to earth. Once on firm ground she began to ask herself what was the purpose of her life and what was she doing there. But all of her answers weaved an entangled mass of confusion. Unsatisfied her mind moved on to a subject that brought her nearer to reality. What was her place in society? She had no idea of what she wanted to do when she left school. School, where did she fit in there? Who were her friends and who were her enemies? She was sixteen and was allowed to get married, but could not go into a pub and drink alcohol. She could join the forces and serve her country, yet she could not vote for a political party to govern her country. Was she still a child or an adult?

In the comfort of her own room she was an individual with opinions, but once outside would she lose her identity and would she be heard? Would she be just another fact and figure amongst millions? Then a voice penetrated her thoughts, and they dispersed and moved to the depths of her mind. Dinner was ready. She rose and left the room and the questions unanswered.

Linda Galvin, 5Z

Letter From America

It's only forty-five minutes by air between Atlanta, Georgia, and Birmingham, Alabama, and had the trip gone as scheduled I would have been flying over Birmingham at about ten P.M. But delays (inevitable) at J.F.K. caused connecting flights to be missed and an unexpected (free) overnight stay in a motel in Atlanta. So I was seeing Birmingham in its Saturday morning glory. The cluster of tall office buildings stood proudly in the cluttered centre of town, surrounded by tangles of the new Interstate (motorway) exchange. It looked uncannily like the "Spaghetti Junction" of another Birmingham. Sweeping out from the business centre, hopping over the few steel mills still within the city itself, we flew over the shady green suburbs, and landed at the quiet new airport, Home again! Eight A.M., ninety-five degrees F. and just beginning to get warm.

In the ten minute drive from the airport home, I saw the first evidence of change. A new interstate link came right out to the airport, new shopping centres, new housing developments, wider roads were seen in only this small part of town. On my last trip home, two years ago, I had seen many changes, but now even the road approaching our own neighbourhood was different. Shops had changed hands or gone; big old homes had given way to luxury apartments with swimming pools and tennis courts. But the only change in our street was that the pink house next door had been painted buff . . . thank goodness!

Our house was still the same. The screen door banged, the ancient dishwasher was cranky, the kitchen still hadn't been decorated, the door was never locked (I don't think Mama even knows where a key is), and people came and went like Grand Central Station.

The postman was coming up the walk. When he saw me he grinned delightedly. "I won't have to ring the door-bell for a while, I see." Robinson always let Mama know when a letter from England arrived. He knew all eight of us "kids" by name, where the married ones lived, who the grandchildren, aunts, uncles were. He was always willing to wait while you finished a letter or found a stamp (postmen pick up as well as deliver the mail).

I had six weeks to get to know my family again, so there was no rush. The new nephew and sister-in-law were met and admired, then I settled down to lazy days of swimming, sunning, and sitting on the front porch under the old fan, talking with Mother.

After becoming accustomed to Maidstone, shopping in Birmingham was an adventure. The giant malls on either side of town had been built about fifteen years ago but I was not prepared for the equally giant multi-storied complexes that had sprung up alongside. "Old" Eastwood Mall is twice the size of the new Stone-Borough Centre, and just across the road is the new Century Plaza, twice the size of the Mall. And that just serves one area of town!

Downtown, large central reservations of trees and flowers had sprung up on all the major shopping roads in a successful attempt at making the city more attractive. As the streets are all dead straight and six lanes wide the ornamentations caused no inconvenience. Despite the attempt to attract people in, the malaise of many American cities was evident. The huge shopping centres in the suburbs are stealing customers from town. It is much easier to hop into the car, dash to a big air-conditioned mall, park free, and visit a selection of shops under one roof, than to struggle through traffic into town, pay to park in a stack, and plod along between shops in sweltering heat.

Some prices left me breathless. Clothes were tantalisingly lovely but beyond the reach of a holiday budget. Food, however, and housing were much more reasonable, and we drove 1700 miles . . . to Williamsburg, Virginia, and along the Blue Ridge Mountains and back . . . for $40 (£25) worth of petrol.

The external changes didn't mean much, though. Home was the same . . . the same family habits, the same faces in the choir loft and pews at church, and smiling over counters of the local drug store. By the time the six weeks were over I felt as if I had not been away.

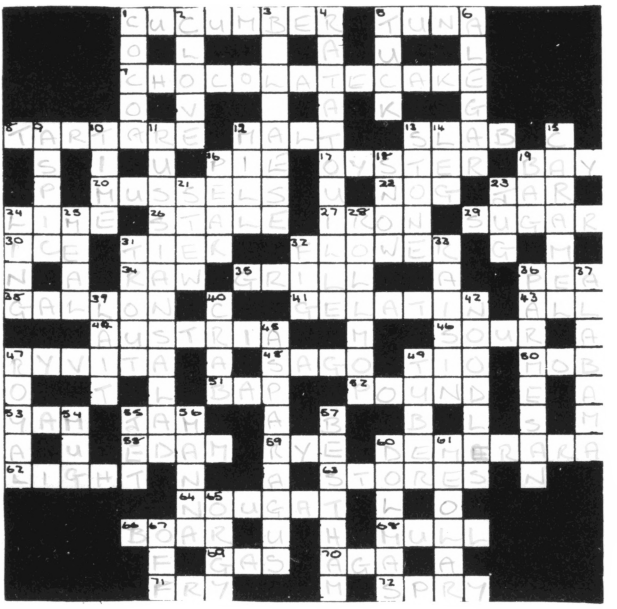
N. Gay

Cookery Crossword

CLUES

Down:

1. Bed time drink.
2. Spicy flower bud or some garlic.
3. Italian cheese (3, 6).
4. Rodent starts on vegetable dish.
5. Kind of box for food.
6. Vinegar made from sour ale.
9. Savoury jelly.
10. What an automatic oven tells one?
11. Red summer dish (7, 5).
12. (Pepper) grinder.
13. Plum centre!
14. Sheep or pig's limb.
15. Browned sugar sauce.
16. Conference on fruit?
18. White winter stuff on apple maybe.
19. Icing container, perhaps.
21. Meat, dumplings etc.
23. Milk container.
24. Fish or plant.
25. Flour or repast.
28. Kind of pickled herring (4, 3).
31. Game fish.
32. Fruit of little worth?
33. Almost elevating dried fruit.
36. Hard Italian cheese.
37. U.S. State sauce.
39. Café au . . . . . .



40. Crustacean or apple.
42. Simpletons like flat macaroni.
45. Tips a vegetable.
47. The icing on a coronation cake.
49. The potato's one.
54. Drinking vessel.
55. Single gas flame.
56. Biblical food.
57. You can't get a better cooked meat! (4, 3).
60. Old Sam goes out to get stuffed vine leaves.
61. Fruit in creamed lard.
65. Excess at the table, perhaps.
67. Bad (of food).

Across:

1. Cue for salad?
5. Aunt plays fish.
7. Dark brown tea-time treat (9, 4).
8. Scampi sauce.
12. Brewer's substance.
13. Big thick slice (of cake?)
16. Meat and pastry dish.
17. Pearl among shell fish.
19. Kind of laurel.
20. Cockles and
22. Eggy drink.
23. Glass container.
24. Citrus fruit.
26. Old (bread etc).
27. The metal in spinach.
29. Sweetener.
30. Vanilla or strawberry, e.g.
31. One layer of wedding cake.
32. The elder's: as used in wine.
34. Uncooked.
35. Cook or interrogate.
36. Pod vegetable.
38. Liquid measure.
41. Soufflé setter.
43. Everyone before spice.
44. Home of smoked cheese?
46. Sharp, tart.
47. A brand of rye 'biscuits'.
48. A milk pudding.
49. . . . . Pepe, sherry.
50. Sort of cap to crowd a maid?
51. Half-rou, half-loaf.
52. Ezra's a weight.
53. May turn out to be a potato.
55. Block a conserve.
58. Dutch cheese.
59. Cereal plant.
60. Brown sugar.
62. How a sponge ought to be.
63. The quartermasters are in the larder.
64. Chewy sweetmeat.
66. Its head is a feast's centrepiece.
68. Warm, spice, and sweeten (wine).
69. Domestic fuel.
70. Kind of oven with Turkish title.
71. Cook – small fish?
72. Lively cooking fat.

Susan Taylor, 5Z

Book Shop

The book shop has proved a great success since starting early last year. It is held every Thursday lunchtime in the entrance hall. A great number of books have been sold, the most popular being 'Porridge', 'Angels', 'Bugsy Malone', the Vet books dictionaries on French, German and English and the Hamlyn all colour paper backs (the most popular subjects being science and geography). Popular authoresses are Victoria Holt, Catherine Cookson and Georgette Heyer. Gerald Durrell's books also sell quite well. Publicity from Miss Robson led to a rush on Penguin Poets.

The school makes a profit from the bookshop which goes towards buying books for class library and the sixth form. The following books have been bought for class library use: A Town Like Alice, a Ngaio Marsh Mystery, Flambards, some Georgette Heyer and Jane Austen books. Iris Murdoch has also been bought for sixth form use.

Our thanks to Mr. White and Mrs. Beasley who have proved very good sales representatives in promoting the Biology Dictionaries.

The prices range from 30p to £2.00. Books may be reserved or ordered. We do accept book tokens.

Carolyn Thomas and Bridget Aylott, 4A

The Christian Union

This is held on Tuesday, at 12.40 p.m. in B.10. Each term we take a theme and try to find out more about it, how it applies to us and what we can do. We use tapes, films, books and in the future we are going to have speakers. The theme for this term is 'Evangelism'.

Frances Jordan, 3X

Community Service

I spend some time every week doing Community Service at Linton hospital. Part of this involves collecting record requests for the local hospital radio station. This means visiting a few of the wards, asking the patients if they would like a record played for them. This job is made harder by the fact that not many patients want a request played in the first place. This service is supposed to be for the patients' enjoyment but to see their reactions when I come round you would hardly think so!

My main feeling on entering the wards is worry. Too many times have I seen patients groan and turn over or just pretend to be asleep when I enter the ward. This can be very demoralizing as then I have put on my pleading act. This eventually makes them submit and grudgingly put a request down. I then cheerily tell them I will see them all next Wednesday, which is answered by a half-hearted 'yes' from the majority. The next week my task becomes easier as many heard their requests played, enjoyed them and so willingly put another down. There are those, of course, whose requests were not played and blame me for this. After my persuasion they admit that it was bad luck and put a request down for the next week. Now the job is plain sailing until new patients come in and the process of coercing them to have requests begins once more. Really this is a very interesting job and rewarding when the patients appreciate what you are doing.

Marissa Oliver, 6_2 7

Nicola Buss's prize-winning sculpture, in the National 'Polyfilla' competition. 'A farmer and his dog'.

Art Report – February 1977

Last July the School contributed work to an exhibition of secondary schools' Art which was part of the Maidstone Arts Festival. The work of over forty girls was represented by paintings, drawings, batiks, embroideries, costume designs, actual play costumes and three-dimensional models.

The 'O' and 'A' level G.C.E. results were quite pleasing with all the 'A' level candidates passing and about three quarters achieving success at 'O' level. The first really good piece of news of the school year came in October when we heard that eleven pieces of work had been accepted for the Polyfilla exhibition which is held in Reed House, Piccadilly, before touring the British Isles. The finalists were Nicola Buss 6(2), Haide Jensen and Nicola Vowells 5X, Linda Davis, Sandra Flisher, Alison Brown, Linda Galvin 5Z, Sue Lawless, Sarah Ledger and Sandra Nicholson 4Y. Shortly afterwards we heard that Nicola Buss of 6(2) had won the 15–17 age group prize, £50 for herself and £50 for the Art Department. This latter amount was spent on books for the Art room. Four glass mosaics, which were also financed by prize money from Polyfilla won by Karen Bennett 6(2) and "The Lighthouse" by Lynne Owen 6(2) are on the windows of the B block staircase and "Butterflies" by Sharon Bury and Nicola Buss 6(2) and "Roses" by a 5th year group on the link staircase windows.

This year's school play the "Playboy of the Western World" is proving to be an interesting project for us. The setting, a poor Irish cottage, has been designed by Frances Alderson

6(1) and she is ably supported by Linda Bowles, Christine Martin, Sharon Piper and Vetina Watts also of 6(1) who are building and painting the set. We are using a packaging material called Tri-board and its virtues are that it is cheap and very easy to cut and handle. This enables us to create a more ambitious and realistic type of setting than we have had in the past. I first heard of this material through some of my work which I do outside of school. I was required to design and make fire figures as part of an exhibition about the life and times of Caxton. This exhibition had been to Brussells and Bruges and was held at Sevenoaks School last November and I took fifteen of the Sixth form to see it. Most of the Structures were made from Tri-board and it was fascinating for all of us to see the enormous possibilities of the material.

We are now in the throes of producing drawings galore for this magazine, preparing for the Polyfilla competition and the 'O' and 'A' level examinations. The number entering for 'A' level this summer is sixteen and is the largest number to be presented since I joined the school in September 1973.

S. Cook

Music Report

This year the music department has been involved in a great variety of musical activities.

We have been fortunate in being able to attend a varied selection of operas, held at the London Coliseum and Covent Garden. The first one was 'Salome' by Richard Strauss, which proved to be immensely exciting. Many of the girls who went, said afterwards that they felt emotionally drained by the performance, especially the horrific climax towards the end of the opera when the head of John the Baptist is brought up from the dungeon on a silver plate. The second opera was 'La Belle Hélène' by Offenbach – a complete contrast as it is a comic opera in the style of the French music-hall, though the story is about Helen of Troy. The last opera was 'La Bohème' by Puccini, which, again, was very different. Unlike the previous operas, it was the first matinee performance given by an international cast at Covent Garden for schools, and was an overwhelming success. We were also given an insight into the management and history of the London Coliseum and Covent Garden.

The third year had the opportunity of going to an orchestral demonstration at Chatham Central Hall, given by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Béla de Csillèry. The orchestra performed 'Candide' by Leonard Bernstein, 'Rodeo Suite' by Epaud, 'English Folk Song Suite', by Malcolm Arnold, and 'Fantasia on Greensleeves' by Vaughan Williams. The audience was invited to participate and sing John Rutter's 'Star Carol'.

For the second time, the upper schools joined together for a performance of Christmas music in All Saints' Church. Girls from our school sang in the Choir and played in the orchestra, performing 'Sleepers Wake', by J. S. Bach, 'St. Nicholas', by Britten, 'A Christmas Fantasy', by Vaughan Williams.

Many members of the school now belong to the Maidstone Youth Music Society, which took part in a combined christmas concert, with the Maidstone Choral Union, under their conductor, Jeffrey Vaughan Martin. The orchestra played 'Finlandia' by Sibelius, and accompanied the carols sung by the audience. The madrigal choir also participated and sang 'Lullay My Liking' and 'Coventry Carol' arranged by Mr. Batten. This was the first concert of its kind, and proved to be such a success that the Madrigal Choir have been invited back to sing next Christmas.

This year we suffered the loss of Mr. Hands, who took a great interest in the musical activities at the school. At the family's request, the Madrigal Choir attended his funeral, and contributed 'Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring' by J. S. Bach and 'God be in my head' by Walford Davies.

Jennifer Gosby and Sally Bowen, 6^1

Games Reports

THE ARCHERY CLUB

On Tuesday and Thursday mornings bright and early, the Archery Club meet before school to practise under the watchful eye of Mr. Newson, the archery coach at our school. Third, fifth and sixth years have the opportunity to try archery. The fibre-glass bows provided are very easy to use, and you do not have to be very strong to pull them back. The arrows, which are made of aluminium, come in different sizes to suit your arm length. Protection for your fingers and arm are also provided and sensible rules make archery far from a dangerous sport. Three targets can be fitted into the far end of the gym, and the archers stand about twenty yards away. So, with a bit of luck, you are bound to hit the target at that distance!

Susan Gurmin, 4Z

CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING

On January 19th 1977 a team of ten girls went to Mote Park to compete against eleven other schools in the Maidstone Schools Cross Country Championships. Jane Wimsett, Jasmine Watts, Jackie Turk, Jackie Agate, Cheryl Maybourne, Carol King, Debbi Cloke and Sharon Clifford competed and Sharon Washington and Janet Milne were reserves.

Sharon, Jane and Jasmine finished in the first twenty coming 9th, 11th and 19th respectively. When our individual places were added together we were very pleased to find that our team finished 7th overall.

Sharon Clifford, 3B

Congratulations should go to Sharon and Jane who were later asked to represent Maidstone in the Kent School's Cross Country Championships.

Miss Wood

HOCKEY

The following have represented the school at hockey this season: A. Ingram, H. Clover, S. Batchelor, A. Wood, D. Martyn, C. Brooks, A. Doidge, C. Tupper, D. Chalk, C. Stephens, J. Parsons, M. Wood, C. Maybourne, J. Kimber, N. Adam, A. Slinsbury, K. Pannell, S. Thomas, A. Mills, D. Frost, J. Wimsett, P. Bassant, A. Monk, J. Milne and S. Washington.

So far this year the combined team of 4th and 5th years have only played one match. This was away to Cranbrook. The game was very fast and hard. We scored a goal in the first half and they equalised in the second. The game ended in a draw.

The combined 3rd and 4th year team played in a minor tournament against Vinters and Wrotham. We beat Wrotham 3–2 and Vinters 1–0 so as a result we won the tournament.

The third year team also played Clare Park and won 5–1. On January 27th the third year team took part in an indoor tournament at Oldborough Manor. Teams taking part were Oldborough Manor, Cornwallis, Vinters and ourselves. This was the first time the third years had played indoors so it was a new experience for the team. We lost 1–0 to Vinters, 3–2 to Oldborough but won our last game against Cornwallis 2–1. The overall winners were Oldborough who won all their games. The third years played another indoor match the following week, and had obviously gained from their experience the previous week because they beat the Astor of Hever School 6–1.

Alison Wood, 4B

JUDO REPORT

Every Monday lunchtime Mrs. Satchell comes to school to teach a group of us Judo.

In the Autumn term a group was started consisting of mainly 3rd years but because of the lack of attendance this fell through. Again in the Spring term a new group was formed, this time with some 4ths and 5ths as well as 3rds.

During the lessons Mrs. Satchell teaches the basics of Judo as time is short. This consists of breakfalls, an essential part, as without these we could not progress, then a few throws

and holds. This leads up to a grading among the group where if it is wished you are able to join the British Judo Association. For keener members Mrs. Satchell also holds an outside club on a Monday evening.

Jenny Hewson, 4y

TABLE TENNIS

Every Thursday after school a group of girls meet in the gym to play table tennis. We are coached by Mr. Woolven and learn a great deal. We had a match with Maidstone Grammar School last week but were unfortunate to lose although the games were very enjoyable. We hope in the future to arrange more matches against other schools.

Gillian Quinney, 4z

NETBALL

The following girls were entered for the Kent Schools' Netball trials held in September. Clare Hanney, Margaret Knight, Kim Holness, Wendy Munday, Carolyn Hewson, Jenny Standen and Susan Luck. Wendy, Carolyn, Jenny and Susan were selected for the Kent teams and have represented the county during the Season.

Susan Luck, a sixth former, reached a very high standard and was selected to attend trials for the England team. Unfortunately she just missed selection for the team.

A fifth year tournament was held early in September but despite little practice the team won very convincingly and they have remained undefeated for the past two years.

The fourth year team has also played very well and have an impressive record remaining undefeated so far this season.

There are a large group of keen third year players who are achieving success in their teams.

Kent Schools Netball Tournament

The tournament is played in three age groups. The U14 teams played very well to win their section but lost to Chapter School and Chatham Grammar and finally finished in third position.

The U16 team made up of fourth and fifth year girls gained in confidence as the tournament progressed and finished the winners of their section.

The U18 team, made up of fifth and sixth year girls played very well to win their section as well.

The next round of the tournament, the Kent Trials was to be held in December but ice and frost meant it had to be postponed until January.

The U16 team started well by defeating their old rivals Beaverwood School 9 goals to 8, and eventaully won their section. They were very unfortuante to lose to Tonbridge Grammar after extra time had to be played.

The U18 team started their tournament match badly only achieving a draw with their greatest rivals Newstead Wood but suddenly they started to play as a team and finished as the outright winners, the Kent U18 Champions and receiving a trophy for all their splendid effort. It was a close result, the winners by point 3 of a goal!!

The team then represented Kent in the South East Area Tournament held two weeks later in Middlesex. Due to any injury the team was not the same as before, but they all played to a high standard and were unlucky to finish in third position. They were comforted by the fact that they did not lose to the two winning teams Croydon High and Preston Manor.

The team would like to thank Mrs. Kirby who kindly loaned them her picnic box in which hot water bottles were kept, to keep chilly hands warm.

J. Fairbrass

Royal Society of Arts Examination Results 1975–76

	Stage I		Stage II			Stage III	
	Typing	Shorthand 50/60	Typing	Shorthand 80/100	Audio-Typing	Shorthand Typing	Typing
ONE-YEAR COURSE							
ALLCHIN Penelope		60			Pass		Pass
BAKER Karen	Pass						
BARRETT Rebecca	Pass						
COLLETT Lesley	Pass	60	Pass				
DAYNES Karen	Credit	50	Distinc.		Pass		Pass
HERRINGTON Tina	Pass						
LOVE Jennifer			Pass				
LUMSDEN Caroline		60	Distinc.		Pass		
MOLONEY Susan		60	Distinc.		Pass		
PIRSON Margot		60			Pass		Pass
PLUCK Maureen		60			Pass		Pass
SAUL Anita	Credit						
SAUNDERS Julie			Pass				
TWO-YEAR COURSE							
First year							
ALLCORN Jennifer			Distinc.				
ARMSTRONG Julie			Distinc.				
BURY Sharon	Credit						
BUSS Nicola	Pass						
CHACKSFIELD Sharon	Pass						
DAVIDSON Kay			Pass				
DAVIES Lynne	Pass						
DEWHURST Sarah			Pass				
DRISCOLL Elizabeth			Pass				
FORD Deborah	Pass						
FROST Elizabeth	Credit						
GARDNER Joanna	Credit						
GILBERT Angela	Pass						
GOLDING Carol			Distinc.				
HANDLEY June			Distinc.				
MACKLEDON Sally	Pass						
MUDDIMAN Rachel			Distinc.				
PAIN Lesley			Pass				
PHILLIPS Jane			Distinc.				
PHILLIPS Susan			Distinc.				
RICKARD Susan	Pass						
VALE Adrienne			Distinc.				
Second year							
ADAMS Carol	Credit	60					
COULSON Jane	Pass						
FOWARD Collette	Pass						
GIBBONS Ann							Pass
HEAD Judith					Pass		Pass
HODGSON Debra							Pass
IVES Fiona		50					
LEGGETT Christine		50			Pass		Pass
MCKENNA Linda	Credit	50					
MUNDAY Bridget	Pass						
PORTER Francesca	Pass						
REEVES Kim		50			Pass		Pass
ROBERTS Barbara		50			Pass		Pass
SAYER Hilary		60			Pass		Pass
SHEPHERD Jane			Credit				
STEVENS Christine		60			Pass		Pass
STRAUTS Trudy	Pass						
TROWELL Deborah		50	Pass		Pass		
WILMAN Anne				80		Pass	
WOOD Elizabeth	Credit						

Examination Results –

SCHOOL LEAVERS 1976

6^2	Advanced Level Passes	Latest available information on careers
Carol Atkinson	Geography.	Army Catering Corps.
Sandra Booker	English, Geography, Political History.	Swansea University
Paula Booth	Biology, Mathematics, Music.	Kings College Hospital – SRN training
Carole Brooker	Sociology.	
Jane Brooker	Economics, British Constitution.	Kings College Hospital – SRN training
Alison Carver	English, Economic History, Economics.	Portsmouth Polytechnic
Brenda Case	Economics, Biology, Home Economics.	Anglia University
Jacqueline Clark	Geography, Art.	Westminster Hospital – SRN training
Gillian Croucher	Biology, Mathematics, Computer Science.	Bath University
Susan Daniels	English, German, Political History.	London University
Christine Edwards	Biology, Physics, Chemistry.	Surrey University
Jane Everett	Geography, Political History, Biology.	Equestrian Training Centre
Collette Forward	Geography, Art.	Maidstone College of Art
Diana Harris	Sociology, Mathematics, Computer Science.	Secretarial Employment
Judith Head	Economics.	Northampton College of Education
Celia Hewitt	English.	
Debra Hodgson	French, Geography, Economics.	Leicester University
Carole Howard	Mathematics, Computer Science, Needlework.	Eastbourne College of Education
Susan Hughes	French, German, Economic History.	Royal Holloway College, London
Helen Ibberson	Economic History, Biology, Mathematics.	University of Keele
Susan Jarvis	Economics.	Radiotherapy–Guy's Hospital
Jacqueline Johnson	English, Political History.	City of London Polytechnic
Bridget Jones	French, German, Economic History.	London University
Sharon Jordan	Mathematics, Music.	Royal Academy of Music
Vanda Judge	Geography, Economics, Mathematics, Statistics.	Clerical work
Valerie Kent	Economics.	Further Education
Karen Matthews	Mathematics, Computer Science, Statistics.	London University
Patricia Newman	Economics.	Westminster Hospital – SRN training
Maya Pieris	English, Music.	Goldsmith's College of Education
Francesca Porter	English.	Auxiliary Nurse, Preston Hall
Sandra Prentice	Biology, Art.	Ambleside College
Kim Reeves	English, Economics.	Administration, Reed International
Barbara Roberts	Economics.	Bournemouth College of Technology

6²	Advanced Level Passes	Latest available information on careers
Susan Rogers	Art.	Weymouth College of Education
Hilary Sayer	English.	Barclays Bank
Deborah Smee	Geography, Economics.	Kingston-Upon-Thames, Polytechnic
Catherine Smith	Mathematics, Computer Science, Statistics.	North Staffordshire Polytechnic
Corelie Smith	Biology.	Queen Alexandra Nursing School
Charmaine Soares	Biology.	Kingston-Upon-Thames, Nursing School
Julie Thatcher	Geography, Economics, British Constitution.	Marks and Spencer – Management Training
Deborah Trowell	Economics.	Secretarial work
Joanne Turnill	English, Economic History, Political History.	Civil Service
Jacqueline Wallis	Economic History.	British Home Stores – Management Training
Eunice Watson	Home Economics.	Gloucester College of Education
Anne Wilman	English, Political History.	Clerical Officer, Springfield
Elizabeth Wood	English.	
Jacqueline Wright	Music.	Berkshire College of Education
Rosemary Love	British Constitution.	Assistant Cook, Opthalmic Hospital, Maidstone
Christine Leggett	Computer Science.	Clerical post
Jane Scott	English, Geography.	Homerton College of Education

Also:

Carol Adams	Clerical post
Wendy Davies	Clerical post
Fiona Ives	Secretarial work
Linda McKenna	Secretarial work
Susan Middleton	Chelsea College of Education
Bridget Munday	SRN training, Canterbury
Jane Shepherd	Clerical post
Christine Stevens	Secretarial work
Trudy Strauts	Brighton College of Education
Jane Coulson	British Home Stores – Management Training
Anne Gibbons	Secretarial work

Congratulations should also be given to Susan Charman, who is still in the second year of the Sixth form. In November 1976 she was awarded a place to read English at St. Hugh's College, Oxford. She is the first girl at the School to be successful in the Oxford and Cambridge Entrance Examinations.

Ordinary Level Examinations

The following 5th formers all gained four or more 'O' levels, in the summer of 1976;

Francis Alderson, Lorna Banks, Suzanne Bone, Dawn Bonner, Sally Bowen, Jennifer Burningham, Zoe Burr, Pearl Burrage, Christine Carr, Morag Carter, Julie Catton, Judith Chambers, Lucy Clinch, Susan Collins, Deborah Coomber, Stella Cousin, Heather Crouch, Amanda Cowap, Kim Crampton, Ann Cutting, Judith Daniels, Sarah Dennis, Susan Dullage, June Dutton, Josephine Else, Katherine Else, Delyss Fuller, Hazel Furlonger, Jennifer Gosby, Phillipa Grant, Elaine Hackney, Lynn Harris, Katherine Hasler, Tina Hemley, June Henwood, Joanne Hickey, Kathleen Hockney, Andrea Hopkins, Amanda Hubbard, Lisa Hyde, Tina Igle, Julie Ingram, Susan Jeary, Theresa Jeffrey, Bridget Jell, Louise Johns, Rebecca Johnson, Theresa Judge, Susan Knowles, Susan Lambert, Theresa McCormack, Claire Manser, Sally Milligan, Deborah Moody, Kerri Moody, Ann F. Morris, P. Ann Morris, Clare Muir, Ann Murray, Esther Nairne, Sheila Norris, Kim Oriel, Julie Palmer, Phillipa Pardoe, Brenda Pascal, Jacqueline Peter, Gillian Pettet, Ruth Poole, Belinda Ranger, Jacqueline Read, Fiona Roberts, Elizabeth Roskilly, Alison Shewan, Katherine Silcock, Lorraine Simpson, Trudi Smith, Jane Thomas, Sally Thresher, Hazel Trowell, Charlotte Whitlock, Karen Williamson, Jane Wright.

Special congratulations go to –

Sheena Buchan, Susan Chalk, Caron Dutton, Stephanie Gingell, Sharon Gordon, Carol Laverick, Caroline Skinner, Carla White and Carol Williamson, who gained all eight 'O' levels.

News of Careers

FIFTH FORM LEAVERS, 1976

The latest information available is that;

Lynn Harris, Wendy Sutton and Ann Cutting are following courses in nursing.

Secretarial courses were taken up by Gillian Boulden, Susan Dullage, Sharon Gordon, Sheila Norris, Trudi Smith, Hazel Trowell, Karen Wilkinson and Alison Shewan.

Alison Bishop, Hazel Furlonger, Tina Igle, Margaret Kilgallen and Eileen Murphy have jobs in Banking, whilst Lesley Spikin and Lorraine Simpson do clerical work.

Kim Powell, Sandra Shorter, Katherine Silcock, Janice Burton, Carol Clout, Deborah Coomber and Judith Daniels all went on to Further Education.

Lorraine Stone is a telegraphist in the W.R.A.F.

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD (Page 35).

Down

1. Cocoa
2. Clove
3. Belpaese
4. Ratatouille
5. Tuck
6. Alegar
9. Aspic
10. Time
11. Russian Salad
12. Mill
13. Stone
14. Leg
15. Caramel
16. Pear
18. Snow
19. Bag
21. Stew
23. Jug
24. Ling
25. Meal
28. Roll Mop
31. Trout
32. Fig
33. Raisin
36. Parmesan
37. Alabama
39. Lait
40. Crab
42. Noodles
45. Asparagus
47. Royal
49. Tuber
54. Mug
55. Jet
56. Manna
57. Bestham
60. Dolmas
61. Meolar
65. Orgy
67. Off

Across

1. Cucumber
5. Tuna
7. Chocolate Cake
8. Tartare
12. Malt
13. Slab
16. Pie
17. Oyster
19. Bay
20. Mussels
22. Nog
23. Jar
24. Lime
26. Stale
27. Iron
29. Sugar
30. Ice
31. Tier
32. Flower
34. Raw
35. Grill
36. Pea
38. Gallon
41. Gelatin
43. All
44. Austria
46. Sour
47. Ryvita
48. Sago
49. Tio
50. Mob
51. Bap
52. Pound
53. Yam
55. Jam
58. Edam
59. Rye
60. Demarara
62. Light
63. Stores
64. Nougat
66. Boar
68. Mull
69. Gas
70. Aga
71. Fry
72 Spry

Beauvais Exchange Visit

Last year several girls in the first-year sixth took part in an exchange visit with some pupils of the technical lycée in Beauvais.

The French girls came for a week in February and the main event of the stay was our trip to London, where they quickly revealed their passion for shopping, as we toured endless boutiques. Nevertheless they were well pleased and a pleasant day was rounded-off with a visit to "Jesus Christ Superstar". Everyone became friends easily, no matter how bad our French or their English, and we met as a group to go out to the cinema and discos in the evenings.

Our return trip to Beauvais was in March and we all felt rather apprehensive, wondering whether French life would be so different from our own. The families were, however, very welcoming, and visits to Paris and nearby chateaux were arranged for us. We spent a couple of days at the lycée which is completely different from our school – being mixed and very large with a more relaxed atmosphere.

Everyone enjoyed the visit, whether they could speak French or not, and the opportunity of seeing a foreign country in this way should not be missed.

Helen Rutherford, 6_2 7

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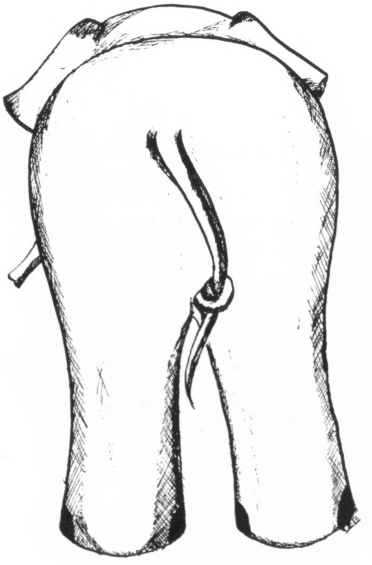

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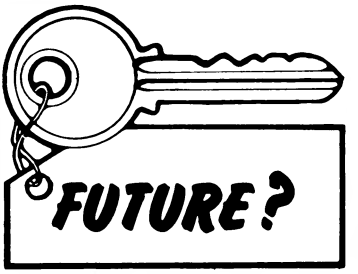

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Why not contact Mr. C. W. Ward, our Director of Nurse Education at Arreton House, Sittingbourne Road, Maidstone, Kent (Telephone Maidstone 65411) who will be pleased to give you further details.

To Mr. C. W. Ward
Without obligation please sent me details of nurse training

Name . . . . . .
Address . . . . . .
Age. . . . . .

(M.S.G.)

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